JOHN BULL, JANUARY 2, 1926 Vol. ...

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage all over the World, 1d.

THE RUSTY CHURCH DOOR

by

MAUDE ROYDEN

Oh!

What a difference in the morning!

What's the reason?

The state
Of your stomach
Your liver
Your digestion

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Will cleanse
Your stomach
Stimulate your liver
Restore your digestion

Commence to-night
They'll put you right

The people's remedy.

Beecham's Pills

John Bull's Great Gift to You

Special Concession

OFFER EXTENDED 15 DAYS

A New Idea

Have your name engraved in gold on this pen (see coupon). 2/6 extra.

JOHN BULL'S
GIFT VOUCHER
1/-
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Pen. Only one voucher will be taken in part payment for each Pen. Offer available until January 15, 1926.

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE!

Heavily plated, beautifully chased, with refills and clip complete.

SO insistent has been the last-minute rush to secure "John Bull's" Great Gift, that rather than say "too late" to thousands of applicants, we have decided to extend the offer for fifteen days more.

If therefore, you, have not yet accepted this great offer, you have still ONE LAST CHANCE to do so. Here is the offer:—

(1) A present of One Shilling in the form of the above Voucher, which, on presentation, will be accepted as One Shilling Cash in part payment of the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen, equal in every respect to Pens usually sold at double or treble the price. Fitted with 14-Ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped, safety cap. A written two years' Guarantee with each pen.

(2) A Gift of a magnificent 2/6 Everpointed Pencil, heavily plated, complete with re-fills.

(3) A dazzling presentation Golden Box—the handsomest box that ever contained a pen.

Cut out the Presentation Voucher above, attach to Coupon, and post to-day—it's now or never.

Gift Coupon.

"JOHN BULL," Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2.

Please send me the Golden Gift Set, containing the "JOHN BULL" 5/- Lever Filler Pen and FREE 2/6 Everpointed Pencil.

I enclose Gift Voucher (which please accept as 1/- in part payment), together with Postal Order for 4/3 (WHICH INCLUDES POSTAGE AND INSURANCE).
(Pocket Clip 3d. each extra.)

NAME.....

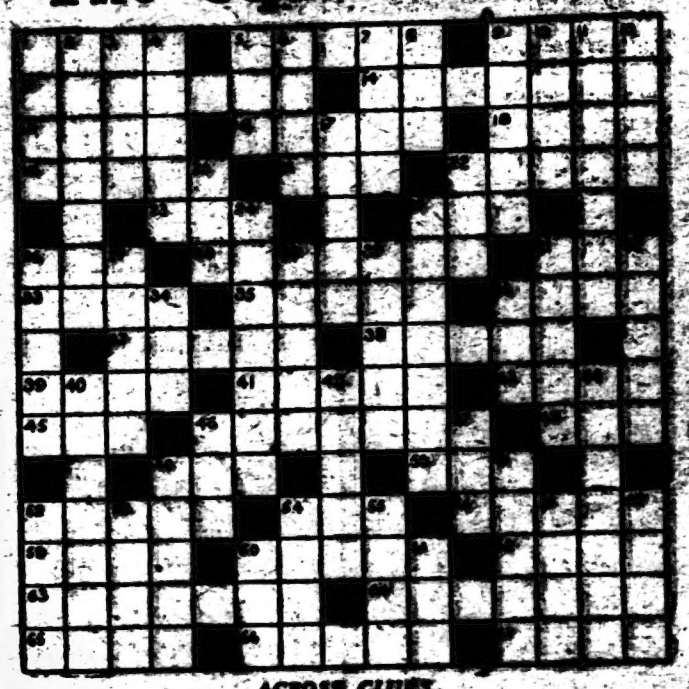
ADDRESS.....

Fine, medium or broad nib. (CROSS OUT GRADES NOT REQUIRED.)

Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra.....
(WRITE IN CAPITALS NAME DESIRED)

Cross Cheques/P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL." J.B. 2/1/26

The Square Game



ACROSS CLUES.

1. A plagie.
5. Truncheon.
9. Deeds.
15. Sheer.
16. Meaning.
17. Famous college.
18. A number.
19. Sinless.
21. To arrange feathers.
22. Human males.
23. Desolate.
25. Assistance.
26. Vessel.
28. Tot up.
29. Lover of country.
31. Everything.
33. Cry.
35. Particular mark.
36. Delight.
37. Bored.
38. Relating to drugs.
39. To influence.
41. Stories.
43. To arrange closely.
46. Pronoun.
48. Used in distillation.
49. Small amount; very vague.
50. Ban.
52. To be ill.
53. A diamond-cut.
54. A collection.
55. Town in Montrose.
56. Tropical.
57. Pigments.
58. Small.
60. Small harrow.
62. Egg odd.

DOWN CLUES.

1. Cautious look.
2. Force out.
3. Footwear.
4. Generic name of certain skin diseases.
5. Offer.
6. Minute particle.
[illegible]
41. Inside.
43. Wrong.
44. [illegible]
45. [illegible]
47. [illegible]
48. [illegible]
51. Fine thread.
52. Shrank.
54. Nation.
55. [illegible]
57. Trouble.
58. A [illegible]
59. To fill to repletion.
60. Organised [illegible].
61. Insect.

C	A	N	C	E	R		F		G	U	F		A	W
A	G	I	O		I	N	A	N	E		L	O	D	E
T	U	N	A		V		N		N		A	P	I	A
K	E	E	L		E	N	T	E	R		M	E	T	Z
I			B	R	E	A	K	E	R				E	
N	A	V	A	L		T	I	E		A	S	H	E	N
	O		G	I	N		L		A	U	K		N	
A	R	T	I	S	A	N		A	N	C	I	E	N	T
	T		S	T	Y		V		T	O	N		I	
W	A	S	T	E		A	I	R		U	K	A	S	E
I			R	A	S	C	A	L	S					X
T	R	A	P		C	H	I	N	A		C	L	O	T
H	A	L	E		Q		O		G		R	O	M	E
E	R	S	E		R	O	U	T	E		O	V	E	N
R	E	O	P	E	N		S		R	E	P	E	N	T

Solution to the Cross-word puzzle published in our last issue.

Hair-Growing Discovery.

Many who were completely bald have grown a full head of beautiful hair by this discovery. The ancients ran their lives in one of the most extravagant and glorious ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature.

A trial size box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 2½d. stamps to John Hart Institute, 7, Percy Street (33 HB) London, W.1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when all else has failed.

KOTALKO
THE HAIR GROWER

"JOHN BULL" REGISTRATION FORMS.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamps. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 2/1/26.

CUT HERE. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 2/1/26.

FOR IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT SEE PAGES 4 & 5.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

A.B.C. GUIDE to Remnant and Drapery Trade free. Worth pounds, valuable hints. Make money selling Prints, Towels, Tabling, Travellers' Samples, etc. Send p.c. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

DRAPERY (Wholesale) all descriptions, also remnants. Parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

CHINA & CROCKERY. — Mixed crates on appro. fr. 30/- for Beginners, Hawkers, Markets. Lists free.—Harvey Pottery, Longton, staffs.

EARN big money sketching. Instructions fully illustrated. Sketches from Nude 2/6. Cartooning 5/6. Comic Sketching 5/6. Advertisement design 5/6. Poster Design 5/6. Figure Drawing 5/6. —Send P.O., The N.S.P.D. Bradshaw, Bolton.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare Time Agency.—See Large Advert. on page 21.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly.—Run a blanket club amongst friends. No outlay. Send for partics.—Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

KNITTERS wanted to Work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 193, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com. — J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY NEEDS TRAINED MEN.—Drivers, Salesmen, Demonstrators, Mechanics, Chauffeur-Mechanics and Fitters. Let the British School of Motoring quickly train YOU for a well-paid job. The best equipped school in London. Introductions to positions free of charge. Lowest fees. Call or write, British School of Motoring, Ltd., Head Office, 8, Cove try Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

BECOME A CERTIFIED BOOK-KEEPER.—Postal tuition, 10/- month. Fee refunded when qualified, or fee returned. Booklet, testimonials, free.—City Correspondence College (D.8.), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

A DEFINITE AGREEMENT REGARDING A POSITION as Commercial Traveller or Salesman is entered into with every student of FIVE WEEKS' tuition in salesmanship. This instruction includes a series of PRACTICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL DEMONSTRATIONS. Fees are refunded to unsuccessful students. Call or write for prospectus.—SALESMANSHIP, LTD., 56, Kingsway, W.C.2, and at Manchester and Glasgow.

ROYAL MARINES.—BE A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR, TOO.—Young Men are required for enlistment in the Royal Marines. Age 17 to 23 years. Good pay. All found. Excellent chances of promotion. Apply by letter to the Director of Naval Recruiting, 85, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

LEARN Dutton's 24-hour Shorthand; 1st Lesson Free. Practice quickly gives 150 words per minute.—Dutton's College, Desk J., Skegness.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

BUILD up a Business, without buying Stock, under Noble Bros.' (Nottingham) Co-operation Scheme.—Write for Booklet, "Your Business," to J. Hutchinson, Phœnix House, Oxford St., London, W.1.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners. Write for advice and list H. to Levaire (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Crotenay Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

IF YOU SELL BY MAIL ORDER and your lines appeal to the "Million," describe them in these classified columns. One regular *JOHN BULL* want-ad. user writes: "I would be sorry to manage a mail order business without it." Rate 8/- per line (about six words). Minimum charge 24/-.—For further proof of the pulling power of *JOHN BULL* Want-Ads. or in sending an ad., address Small Advertisements Manager, *JOHN BULL*, 57-9, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

THE GRAVES GRAMOPHONE is the World's Greatest Gramophone Bargain. Made entirely in the Graves Gramophone Works. Easy payments. Lists free.—J. G. Graves, Ltd., Sheffield.

GUNS, Rifles, Pistols, Cartridges, Fishing Tackle Several Bargains. Low prices. List free. —Webster (J.B.), 41, Newington Butts, S.E.11.

PEACH'S Bargain Sale. Lists free. Curtains, Casements, Nets, Muslins, Cretonnes, Linens, Blankets, Down Quilts, Hosiery, Carpets.—S. Peach and Sons, 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

CARNIVAL and Party Novelties, Balloons, etc. Satisfaction guar.; low prices; lists free. "UNEEDUM," 108, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

THE PICTUREGOER PORTFOLIO (Second Series) of Kinema Celebrities, containing 16 photogravure portraits of to-day's popular Film Stars, each portrait size 9½ by 6½ in., and worthy of a frame. One shilling and twopence the set complete. Post free. — Picturegoer Salon, 23, Madeli Street, Long Acre, W.C.

FLOOR COVERINGS. — Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp-proof, Rot-proof, Sanitary. For any kind of floor, 2/- per sq. yd., carr. paid. Sample Free.—C. Jones & Son (Dept. J.B.), 60, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.1.

DUNKLEY FRAME.—Free Cot offer.—Particulars, Manageress, 34, Dunkley House, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

CHEAP Government Wire.—Saves for gardens, fencing, greenhouse, training peas, fruit. Waterproofed, flexible, lasting. Small lots quoted, or 19/6 mile. Samples free with list 300 bargains. Postcard to-day.—Greens, 296, Albert, Lytham.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES 27/6, motors 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolines. Catalogue free.—Dreyfus, 99, King's Chmbs., South St., London, E.C.2.

JAZZ Outfits, Ukuleles, Musical Instruments, Gramophones. Write for list.—Palmers, 135, Linthorpe-rd., Middlesbrough.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS For All.—Great bargains. Easy payments. Complete sets from 30/-. List free.—World's Wireless Stores, Wallington.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

MASSAGE as a Profession.—The Smae Institute offers tuition at most economical fees. Intelligent men and women are here offered access to the highest ranks of the profession, as the instruction covers all modern manipulative methods.—Write for details, 47, Smae Institute, Portsmouth.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1926 Catalogue and (Gardening) Guide, 144 pages, 225 illustrations, free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., Royal Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Bidyard Tablet Co., 54-58, Codnor, Derby.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP—ILL-HEALTH. Try ENERGOT. YOU LOSE Stomach Troubles, Worry, Nerves, Constipation, Rheumatism, Insomnia. GAIN a perfect brain in a perfect body. Money back if they fail. Month's course, 1/6. —Energot, 12, Beaborough Gardens, S.W.1.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NEW LIFE TO WEARY, WORN-OUT NERVES. — To prove the value of "Probyn Nutrient," which is guaranteed to restore health, strength, and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send a TRIAL SUPPLY ABSOLUTELY FREE.—E. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Firbright Road, Southfields, London.

BLADDER WEAKNESS quickly cured by Parker's Remedy, 3/- bot., at Boots' or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James Street, Liverpool. Send 4d. stamps for sample.

WHEN YOUR BONES ACHE, it cannot be indigestion. Perhaps you are too young to be getting old. It may be rheumatism—or perhaps sciatica. You will find instant relief in a Radio-Active Bath, easily prepared at home with Sanium Bath Salts, obtainable at all Chemists. Price 1/9.—Hy. J. Smith (Chemists), Ltd., 2, Stanley Road, Acton, W.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ABSOLUTELY TOP Prices paid for Jewellery, gold, silver, etc. No quantity too small. Post or call—Bensons, 218, Piccadilly, London.

£1 to £1,000 paid for Jewellery, Gold, Silver, Artificial Teeth. Money at once. Call or post. —Harris & Co., 217, Piccadilly, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

SECTO KILLS beetles, bugs, fleas, moths, green-fly and all other insects. Get it from your Chemist.—"SECTO," the Sure Killer.

KARAH.—Finest Herbal Smoking Mixture. Quite new. Special process. Cool, sweet, lasting, economical. Free from nicotine. 4-oz. Tins 1/6, 8-oz. 2/9, 16-oz. 5/4. Post free. — Karah Co., Collyweston, Stamford, Lincs.

CHIC Parisienne Girl Postcards. Selections and lists, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-. Exclusive prints for Art Students.—E. J. Leon, 6, Norton St., Liverpool.

CLEAN YOUR CARPETS periodically with CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP. Dirt, ink, grease vanishes 9d. bar, at Stores. Sample 2d. stamp.—Chivers, 67, Albany Works, Bath.

Corns Relieved at Last

Thanks to Radox

Again and again cases are brought to our attention where corn sufferers have gained relief from using Radox after all other treatments have failed. Read this remarkable letter:—

"I purchased a large packet of Radox Bath Salts when you first placed it on the market. I think I was the first in ——— to do so. Dr. ———, of ———, said he never saw a worse pair of feet after examining my wife's feet. We have corn lotions from hospitals and recommended by doctor to send to Wales for a certain corn paint, but they did not only burn the corn but the other part of the feet as well, and made them so terribly sore that she could scarcely walk, and many times she could have cried with pain, it was so intense.

"She got great comfort through using your Radox Bath Salts. It took that terrible soreness away. She has had corns and sags since she was a girl and some on the soles of her feet are as big as a shilling, and as hard as flint, thirteen in number on toes and soles, and Radox has given her the most relief of anything she has ever used."

"27th Sept., 1925. "W. H."

When you put your feet into a foot bath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, carrying the corn softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn-solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is obvious that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½ lb. Pink Packet, 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half-Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women and Children that Cures Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who Cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

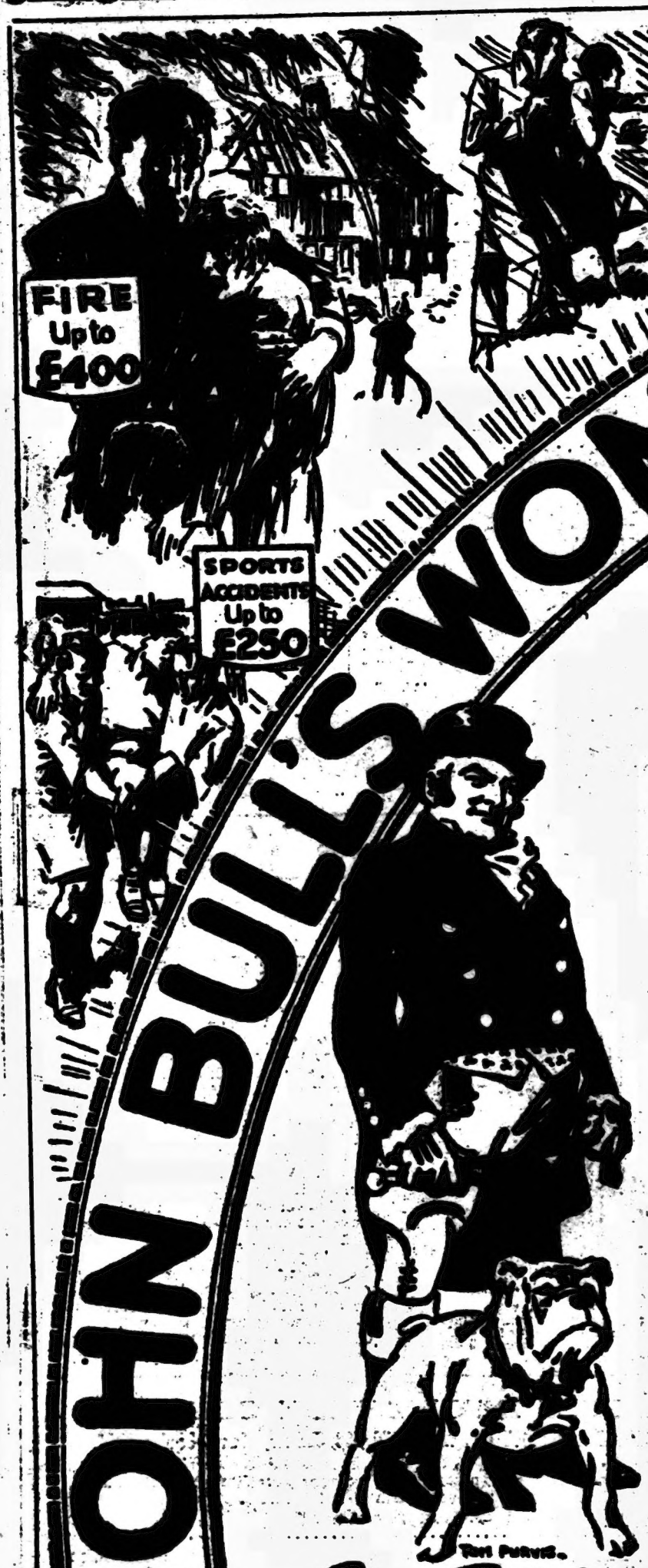
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (387B), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of Rupture.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

Please write plainly. .....



What JOHN BULL Gives

FIRE.

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at the registered reader's home.

£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 or **£125** in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader.

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 per week up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300—loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt or earthquake.

£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300—loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£300—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 or **£250** in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for liabilities by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

£6 per week for both or **£3** per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglary, housebreakers or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader.

£5 5s.—for total disablement by illness contracted upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Lacrosse as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 per week up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING.

£250—If the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader is not a professional oarsman or boatman, and that in case of boating the boat is not a passenger steamer.

WIRELESS BENEFIT.

£10—for damage by lightning to registered reader's Wireless Apparatus, including Aerials and Supports, fitted by and repaired by him, at his or her private address, as registered.

Over 18,000 Benefits Paid to "John Bull" Readers.

A Gift Worth 25/-

World's Greatest Free Insurance Gift Renewed for 1926.

THROUGHOUT 1925 "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift has proved triumphant. To-day, on the threshold of 1926 "John Bull" points with pride to the fact that over 18,000 readers have benefited on account of FIRE, FLOOD, STORM, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT and other calamities.

"John Bull" is happy to announce that the Free Insurance Gift will be CONTINUED FOR 1926.

Present registered readers are fully qualified for the 1926 Benefits. They Should Not Re-register unless they have changed their address or newsagent.

CONDITIONS.

(a) This scheme applies only to persons over ten and under seventy years of age residing in and property situated in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man, but excepting Ireland so far as property under the riot clause, providing that any Registered Reader over 70 years of age shall be entitled to all the benefits of this gift except those in respect of death, disablement or sickness.

(b) A Registered Reader shall mean any person registered with JOHN BULL, as having personally signed and forwarded to JOHN BULL Insurance Registration Department the prescribed registration form, and given a signed order to a Newsagent for the regular and uninterrupted weekly delivery of JOHN BULL.

(c) Applications for benefit in respect of any fatal accident or event, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be forwarded in writing all fatal accident benefits within seven days and household benefits within forty-eight hours and sickness benefits within fourteen days of the illness manifesting itself—Medical Certificates and/or other evidence in support of the application must be furnished by the Registered Reader at his own expense.

(d) As to the injury benefits, this scheme applies only to bodily injury directly and immediately caused by violent external or visible means which is the sole cause of death, loss or disablement as defined, and no sum will be given in respect of any injury, fatal or otherwise, happening while the Reader is in a fit or arising from or traceable to intentional self-injury, suicide, insanity, or intoxicantness, or whilst in an unconscious state. A fractured limb shall mean a fracture of the arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

(e) Loss of a limb means the loss by physical separation of a hand or foot above the wrist or ankle.

(f) Death or loss of limb or sight must result within thirty days after the accident, and as a direct and sole result of the injury. In the event of death, benefits will be paid to the husband or wife of the Registered Reader, or dependent children, if any.

(g) No benefits will be given in respect of fire unless the fire is one which is reported on by a Fire Brigade or Police Officer, and compensation for material damage will be made subject to any rights which the applicant may have or acquire under any Insurance Scheme, Company, or otherwise and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall give no benefit until the Registered Reader has exhausted his or her remedies under any such assurance, money in cash, or otherwise excluded.

(h) To become recipient of rent benefit the Registered Reader must either be responsible for and furnish proof of amount of rent, or be beneficial owner, and furnish proof of net rateable assessment which shall be deemed as rent.

(i) Disablement applies where the reader is totally unable to follow his or her usual employment.

(j) The fire and household benefits apply to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects in his or her private dwelling-house, apartments, or dwelling-rooms attached to business premises of the Registered Reader at the address registered, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

(k) Benefit shall not be payable under this Scheme for any accident arising out of, or in the course of, the Registered Reader's employment.

(l) In case of change of address and/or change of Newsagent a fresh coupon must be forwarded for registration, otherwise no benefits will be allowed; and the Proprietors may at any time discontinue or make any amendments to this offer by the publication of a notice in JOHN BULL.

(m) In order to comply with the requirements of the law the Proprietors of JOHN BULL have to announce that while this Free Insurance Scheme does not involve any contractual liability it has the financial backing and support of Odhams Press Limited (the Proprietors of JOHN BULL) whose issued share capital is over £1,000,000.

(n) The husband or wife of a Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader for the purpose of those benefits which are applicable.

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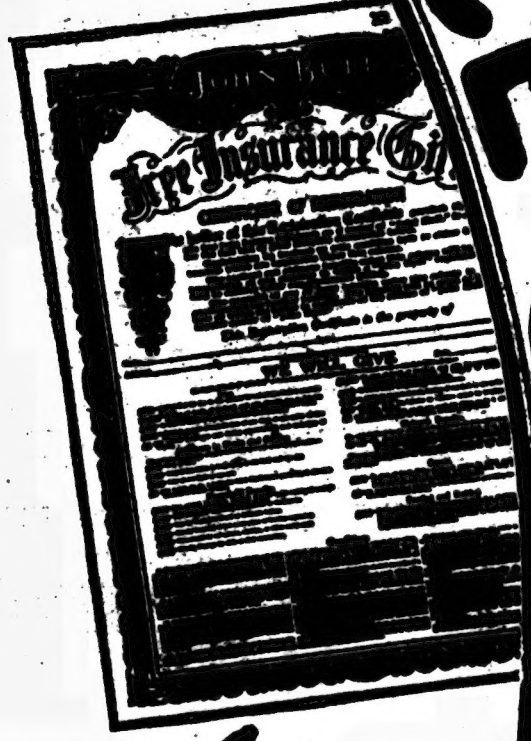

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JOHN BULL

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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

To Each and All.

A Happy New Year! We do not wish our readers freedom from difficulties, but power to overcome them. We do not wish great wealth, but prosperity and enough. Above all, we wish them health and courage to fight life's battles with a cheerful heart. May we make 1926 the best year yet!

The 1926 Test.

In the main the Government spent the last twelve months promising to do things next year (or the year after). Is 1926 to be a year of fulfilment?

A Ripe Baldwin.

The once diffident Mr. Baldwin can now put a Cabinet Council through its business like a masterful chairman of directors. As Premier, Mr. Baldwin is ripe; he must take care he does not rot.

Big Men Wanted.

In a huge majority blood runs feebly without a powerful pump at the heart. Where are the big brains to think out big solutions of big problems? Without these the Party in power will fade away.

Pull Down to Build.

Nothing but hard knocks will make the Government reconstruct itself. Yet the need is glaring. Take the Board of Trade, on which fall the vital problems of coal and electricity. Politically it is none too strong in the head and deplorably weak in the legs.

Context Needed.

On May 3, 1923, Mr. Baldwin made a speech which the country took as a definite pledge to clear out of Irak in 1928. Now that hope is dead. To leave the mistake uncorrected for two and a half years was scandalous.

Irak Bomb.

Good purposes are not served by false hopes. It was Mr. Baldwin's duty to correct the Mesopotamia misapprehension as soon as it arose. Ambiguity in a statesman does not promote confidence.

The Price.

The British mandate over Mesopotamia last year cost £4,000,000. Since the Armistice £150,000,000 has been expended on that country. Before the next twenty-five years are over the British taxpayer may wake up to the fact that he has been fooled again.

We Has Our Doots.

Mr. MacDonald's denials of Labour splits must be taken with a grain of salt. The Parliamentary bunch, at any rate, are not a happy family. In any case—if they were, good wine needs no bush.

Canny Northerners.

The bulk of influential manufacturers in Lancashire and Yorkshire are actively protesting against new import duties being imposed. They warn the Government of disastrous consequences. Exactly. As practical men they know that imports are only kept out at the cost of exports. And that way ruin lies.

Hindering Disarmament.

The "preliminary" conference on disarmament is a genuine attempt to get together nations within and without the League. If Russia stays away, the blame will partly rest on the British policy of drift in Anglo-Russian relations.

"Not In My Yard."

Mr. Lloyd George, who controls the National Liberal Fund, refuses to come to the rescue of the central organisations. Lord Oxford and Asquith held a meeting of his supporters where, reinforced by Viscount Grey, he appealed for subscriptions. Lloyd George was not invited. Yet there is no split in the Liberal ranks—oh, dear, no!

Effete England.

The British Empire is a back number, according to certain eminent Yanks. Meanwhile, we have just received their receipt for £33,000,000—an instalment on account of £100,000,000 borrowed to save civilisation from chaos. Comment seems superfluous.

"Jix" Permits.

This year the Home Secretary gave permits to 1,127 aliens to enter domestic service in this country. Also to 127 workers in sugar beet, the industry subsidised by British taxpayers. That's how we're solving unemployment—for others.

The Cup that Cheers.

The Board of Trade instructs the Food Council to "examine" wholesale tea prices. It's a waste of time. Facts are known. What's wanted is a new set of laws to stop profiteering.

Christmas Worries.

A penny here and twopence there added on to food prices made the housewife's Christmas a poor festival. Cost of living is still 77 per cent. above pre-war and nothing is being done about it.

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT

A Wonderful Record

See pages 4 and 5.

Profiteering!

Mr. Clarry, M.P., has submitted to the Food Council the complaint of a Newport baker whom millers refuse to supply because he is keeping the "10d. loaf." down to 7½d. Keep purses fed and the poor bled is apparently the rule of life millers work by.

The Cost of Cold.

Pithead increases, according to new lists of prices issued by owners, are sending up good house coal to a prohibitive figure. "The colder the dearer" is the new get-rich-quick rule.

Pigs and Profit.

Thousands of tons of pork from Holland, and thousands of turkeys from France reaching Folkestone for Christmas markets were unloaded by unemployed. Grown in this country they would have solved so much unemployment. That's the protection for which we wait.

The Leasehold Ramp.

Public opinion is solidly behind the demand for reform of the leasehold system. The maxim that whatever is put into the ground belongs to the ground landlord may have been Rome's idea of justice. It is not Britain's.

Ground Landlords' Tricks.

The system encourages all kinds of trickery. Onerous repairing notices are often served simply to compel lessees to sell their interest for nominal sums. The whole system was invented by landlords for landlords.

More Humility, Please!

It is now suggested that Dr. Axham has not been restored to the register because the medical juntas have not been approached in "a proper manner." Is absence of toadyism another manifestation of "infamous conduct"?

Sliding Backwards.

In 1912 the percentage of criminals arrested was 72 per cent. In 1922 it was 52 per cent. In 1924 there were 3,42 burglaries accomplished or attempted and 889 arrests—viz., 25 per cent. Is the drop due to inefficiency or understaffing?

Vivisection Vaunted.

"Several hundred people at Leeds University," runs a report, "saw a heart taken from a rabbit beat for two hours afterwards while being fed with a special solution." Since when was vivisection licensed as a public spectacle?

Those who Escaped.

The wonder at Kidsgrove is not that five men perished, but that any of the men underground when the explosion occurred were saved. Deadly firedamp is still an uncertain element. The danger of it makes mining a daily heroism.

THE WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

True Protection.

It is suggested that sweated labour enables Germany to "dump" tombstones in this country in such quantities as to injure the granite workers of Aberdeen. Tariffs will not cure sweating, or they would have cured it in Germany. The only remedy is an international minimum wage enforced by the League of Nations.

A Plucky Effort.

The R.S.P.C.A. has awarded its bronze medal to Mr. Albert Baldwin, of Streatham Hill, for climbing the tower of All Saints' Church, Clapham Park, to rescue a crippled pigeon. There will be plenty of people to call Mr. Baldwin a fool for risking his neck. We prefer to congratulate him on the possession of a warm heart and a cool head.

Any Port in a Storm.

Dumfries is faced with the problem of clearing away tenements which were built so close to one another that a chain stretched around them would form a barrier against marauders. 11 per cent. are one-roomed, and over 50 per cent. two-roomed, in which hovels whole families carry out their lives from the cradle to the grave. Houses *must* be built.

Workless Actors.

It is not surprising that the employment of twelve troopers of the Coldstream Guards as "supers" in a West End revue should have exposed the management to criticism. There is a vast amount of unemployment in the theatrical profession, and the spectacle of "blacklegs" in scarlet tunics is apt to make workless actors see red.

Money and Bail.

When a fashionably dressed woman named Edith Elgar was charged at Birmingham with theft from a hotel, her solicitor applied for bail on the ground that she had plenty of money. We can imagine no worse argument. A poor prisoner is as much entitled to bail as a Hayley Morriss. The last place for the gold standard is in a court of justice.

Civilised Cruelty.

In the recent housing debate in the House of Commons it was left to Mr. Viant, Labour M.P. for West Willesden, to point out the folly of first making people tuberculous by compelling them to live in slums, then treating them expensively in sanatoria, and finally sending them back to the slums to be re-infected and die. Civilised cruelty can be as bad as anything the Dark Ages produced.

Police Methods.

Police methods in taking statements from prisoners were severely criticised at Hanley Police Court the other day when Henry Adams appeared on remand to answer a charge of wilful murder. The safe rule is to insist that no statement shall be received from an accused person except in the presence of his friends or legal advisers. We have no room for "third degree" methods.

The Turkey Ramp.

As usual there was a vast amount of profiteering in the sale of Christmas turkeys, the consumers in some districts being plucked as cleanly as the birds. Last-minute shopping scenes proved that turkeys and fowls had been deliberately held back to keep up prices. This annual ramp provides sufficient material for several full sessions of the Food Council.

A German Lead.

Professor Lindemann, of the Clarendon Laboratory, Oxford, declares the Germans have solved the problem of distilling petrol from coal. This threatens a new revolution, and a profitable one, in the coal industry. More and more coal will be wanted, and in Great Britain saving will be effected by substituting coal-distilled petrol for imported oil. To such peaceful ends may international inventiveness be turned rather than rivalry in armaments.

Law and Justice.

Fifty-nine Welsh anthracite miners are in prison for riotous behaviour, but a reasonable settlement of the dispute is as far off as ever. In sending these men to jail the justices claimed that they were "vindicating the law." It is now the turn of the Minister of Labour to bring employers and men together in the still higher interests of justice.

Homes before Words.

The Government will have the nation behind them for once if only they will stand by Mr. Baldwin's announcement that steel houses are to be erected in Scotland without delay and despite opposition from labour. People who try to prevent the public from getting houses will find themselves thrust out of the way with no gentle hand.

Postal Sweating.

The Postmaster-General appears to be a trifle conscience-stricken over the rates of pay offered to casual workers called in to deal with the recent Christmas rush. The truth is that for many years past these temporary postmen have been disgracefully sweated. It is a shame that at this festive time we should be made to look like a nation of hypocrites.

Safeguarding the Troops.

We congratulate the military authorities at Bulford, who handed over to the civil police a girl found trespassing on War Department land at three o'clock in the morning. She was described as a positive danger to the troops, and had previously been convicted for soliciting soldiers. Stern measures are justifiable under the circumstances, as life in the Army tends to render the Serviceman an easier victim than the civilian.

The Human Machine

Turning Leaves

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

MOST people make a lot of good resolutions on January 1. By February 1 most of them are broken. By March 1 they are probably forgotten altogether.

This is a side of human nature that for years has formed a fruitful field for the humorist. In reality, it is a serious subject for the psychologist.

It is a very good sign when, despite previous failures, a man still feels it worth while to make his New Year resolutions. He is proving that the spirit of Youth is not yet dead within him.

He is proving that he still has hope, that he is still able to look forward.

He is proving that he is not yet in the sere and yellow leaf that only turns the eyes longingly towards the dead past.

So he cheerfully plans a better future. He will rise earlier, or study harder, or correct those faults of temper and impatience that are blots on his character.

NOW, why does he fail to carry out what he has planned? Simply because his willpower has not been cultivated to the extent of his other powers.

There is a psychological truth underlying the old preacher's declaration that "the flesh is always warring against the spirit."

Certainly the man who loves luxury more than hard work will never develop his intellect.

Keeping or breaking New Year resolutions is just the difference between a keen-edged tool and a dull one.

*** *Many of Mr. Thompson's previous articles are now reprinted in book form under the title of "The Human Machine." (2s. 6d. Mills and Boon, Rupert Street London, W.).*

The Crook's Dope.

Percy Yates, of Shipley, has at long last reached the end of Rogues' Road to celebrate the beginning of a New Year in a lonely cell. In the pose of heir to a considerable fortune he has lived an easy life for many years, preying on thrifty tykes by borrowing their savings. Such swindlers could not flourish as they do if those they dupe were not so ready to believe the fairy tales they tell.

Laughing Allowed.

At the last moment the Bristol magistrates wisely decided to lift their ban on comic pictures at the kinemas on Christmas Day. When shall we grow out of the strange notion that it is unholy to laugh? If Christianity forbade mirth the world would soon have to look for a new religion. Only smiling keeps us sane.

Inadequate.

James Taylor, of Ryhope, tied a starling by both legs to a stick and cut off its wings in order to snare sparrows on which to feed ferrets. At Sunderland he was fined £5 for the offence. If a month's confinement with enforced study of the beauty of bird life could be added it might do good.

Sea Pigs.

The fact that the Admiralty has thought it worth while to post orders dealing with Communist propaganda need not alarm the public into the delusion that there is any disloyalty in the Fleet. What bad feeling there is is due to the brutal tyranny of a few officers. When these sea pigs are penned certain ships will be the sweeter.

Broken Oaths.

According to His Honour Judge Woodcock, perjury is being daily committed in the Leeds County Court, and the same thing is occurring in other courts in many parts of the country. Judges are misled and injustice done. Not until the perjurers are handled without gloves will the evil be suppressed.

Breach of Faith?

Not even the claims of economy can justify an official breach of faith. Is it or is it not a fact that the warrant and non-commissioned officers who enlisted in the Corps of Accountants were assured that they would be permitted to qualify for a pension? If so, their dismissal with practically no compensation is an outrage, which must have an ill effect upon the Service at large. To behead honour is vile work for any "axe."

"My Friend, The Tout!"

We also, with Judge Sir Alfred Tobin, are wondering what Lady Fletcher's friends are thinking about her. During the hearing of a claim against her it transpired that she was paid 10 per cent. commission by a firm of costumiers for all orders introduced. The judge scoffed at the suggestion that this money came from any other source than that of the pocket of the purchaser. Titled touts do not appeal to us.

The Bulldog Breed.

Mr. John Balster, of Churchfields, Salisbury, had a double celebration this year, adding a family birthday party to his Christmas festivities. The secret of his health, he says, is eating and drinking, even at one time heavy smoking and drinking, and not only taking part in everything that is going on, but nightly sitting up until eleven o'clock. Mr. Balster is no puling youngster. His birthday marked turning the leaf at one-hundred-and-two.

Savant and Hero.

Professor Joseph Barcroft, elected to the chair of physiology at Cambridge, is one of those scientific heroes who often go unsung. For six days he shut himself up in a glass case in order to test the effect of a rarefied atmosphere on the blood; and during the war he voluntarily submitted to an experiment with prussic acid gas to demonstrate its efficiency as a medium of attack, whereby he saved the country a round million. Many men sit in the House of Lords for less.

Pigsty Home.

Because at Seaton Hirst they could not obtain a house, John Roughead, his wife and family, were forced to make a pigsty their home. 12 feet long, 9 feet wide and 6 feet high were its dimensions, and in this they had to cook what food they had on a fire in a bucket. The family has been ordered out of such conditions, but is the matter to end there? What steps are the authorities taking to provide this distressed family with an A1 home for the New Year?

The Man who Lives in the Past.

"A husband is supposed to have some control over his wife," says Samuel Henry Crowther, a monumental sculptor of Burngreave Street, Sheffield. In furtherance of this belief the fellow has several times tried to strangle Mrs. Crowther, bit her thumb, and when she forgave him he thrashed her savagely about the shoulders and back with a strap. The magistrates have granted her a separation order with maintenance. Why they did not add prison for the brute is a mystery.

A Call for the "Cat."

Anxious as we are to see a speedy ending to the savagery of race-gang feuds, we were contented when we learned that three men charged with a razor assault upon others were to appear before Mr. Justice Avory, who is no namby-pamby sentimentalist. To our surprise, however, the ruffians got off with eighteen months' hard labour apiece. We are not vindictive, yet we contend that the only way to put fear into these blackguards is through corporal punishment. If ever cases call for the "cat," these do.

Girls Should be Careful.

The appeal of Henry Albert Buckley against the sentence of five years' penal servitude passed upon him at Maidstone assizes has failed. Buckley met a young housemaid on her night off in distress at losing the last 'bus and offered to see her home. Instead he lured her into a lonely road and, after a struggle, assaulted her. The girl showed pluck in bringing him to justice, but his punishment cannot undo her experience. It is up to girls to resist offers of help from nice-looking young men of whom they know nothing.

Costly Courage.

Miss Flora le Breton, the London film star, caused the withdrawal of a play in New York because she refused to speak lines which she regarded as indelicate. Under pressure and strong protest, she consented at rehearsal to utter them, but changed her mind at the opening performance. As her conduct will probably mean the loss of a lucrative engagement, at least she cannot be accused of lacking courage. We could name more than one recent production which would have been the better for such a leading lady.

Our Roll of Honour.

James Alfred Durrant, master of the barge *Faroli*, saw his mate knocked overboard by the foresail just after the vessel passed under Rochester Bridge at two in the morning. Regardless of his own safety he rushed to reach over the side to grasp him and was jammed and killed, between his barge and an old steamboat riding at anchor. "He died," said the Rochester coroner "in endeavouring to help a fellow creature," simple words which form the finest epitaph a man may have.

The Evil Grows.

An unprecedented number of offences committed by men against their young daughters keeps coming to light. At the Old Bailey Mr. Justice Shearman sent Frank Horton Pike to three years' penal servitude for misusing his little daughter and telling her because he was her father he had power to "do as he liked." For a similar crime George Henry Gerhard was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. The Hull experiment of lectures for fathers needs repetition everywhere. It is terrible to think of men with neither sense of decency nor responsibility as parents.

Magistrates We Like.

When war was being waged Samuel Rhodes was a hero, as his medal ribbons testify. In the days of piping peace he peddled the streets to make a living, and, being too poor to take out a licence, he was hauled before the Barnsley West Riding Bench. And a body of great-hearted Christian magistrates they proved themselves, for not only did they let him go free, but they also bought him a licence and gave him a little extra besides, which will enable Rhodes to start out on the New Year without fear of a policeman dogging his heels.

An Unnatural Mother.

It is satisfactory to know that the Court of Criminal Appeal is of the opinion that there is nothing to be urged in favour of a woman who is so debased as to aid in the seduction of her own thirteen-year-old daughter. Annie Parrott handed the girl over to a ship's stoker named Tabb on the sole condition that the child was to receive an allotment of his pay. It is a charity to believe that such creatures are not so much immoral as unmoral—that they are incapable of realising the sanctity of chastity.

John Clempert's Change.

In a recent issue we criticised John Clempert, of 8, Nelson Street, Oxford Road, Manchester, who was selling recipes for boot-polish, foot powder, rheumatic liniment, etc., as "secrets worth knowing." Some further particulars concerning this interesting gentleman have come to hand, and we find that he is also conducting business as a tipster of the Turf. He now controls the "Bunty System of Systems," which he declares "never fails." There's nothing like a change, of course.

A Silly "Sell."

When will the papers be more careful in the acceptance of their advertisements? Numerous people have been misled by the following announcement which appeared in the *Bazaar, Exchange and Mart:* "Married Life on £1 per week; complete detailed account 3d., post free. —Frew, 26, Nottingham Road, London, S.W.17." Such an advertisement is calculated to arouse curiosity, and those who send 3d. receive a printed postcard with a weekly budget that is supposed to be humorous. It is just a silly "sell," but lots of poor people cannot afford to lose 3d. in this way.

A Change of Tune.

The *Sporting World* makes much of its "Safe and Reliable Staking Plan" when it is soliciting investment, and offers a return of 10s. a day for every £10 subscribed. But after a while there is a change of tune. The *Sporting World* is sorry that a "bad run has been too much" for it. It proposes to "make a fresh start when the winter season commences as just now things are rather difficult and winners are hard to find." Clients are advised to "leave things over," and as numerous complaints are reaching us we would advise our readers to leave the *Sporting World* alone.

Plate-Polish Pedlars.

A Shrewsbury reader was persuaded to purchase a 2s. 6d. bottle of "Paragon Plate Polish" by a self-styled ex-Service man who gave his assurance that articles treated with this wonderful preparation would remain clean for three months. As the bottle bore a manufacturer's name our reader took it to be genuine, but when she tried the polish she found that it was of no use at all. She promptly wrote to the so-called manufacturers, Messrs. Hylton & Co., Ltd., Deansgate, Bolton, Lancs, but her letter was returned by the dead-letter office marked "Not known." The danger of dealing with door-step pedlars cannot be exaggerated.

Are You Reading
"THE GALLOWS' HAND"
"The People's" Great New Serial?

Problems of Life

The Lesson of Experience

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE hardest part of any trouble is to be unable to see the other end of it, and this is true of most griefs.

I do not mean that we actually believe when in trouble that we shall never come out of it; we know better; but we cannot easily feel or realise at the time how we are ever to be set free.

Lord Balfour.

This is specially true of young people; age brings a riper experience and a wiser, more balanced view of the matter.

Some readers may disagree with this observation and recall the fact that youth possesses a resiliency which age does not, and is able to make fresh beginnings more easily and shake off the fetters of the past.

True; but youth feels the seeming irremediableness of disappointment and misfortune more keenly than maturity does.

The discussion that is now going on about the irresponsibility and matter-of-fact realism of the post-war youth of both sexes must not be allowed to obscure the truth that when the heart is young it is liable to depressions and fears that diminish in intensity later.

A BOY or girl struggling for a position in life or filled with emotional cravings that are denied satisfaction may touch heights and depths of woe to which the old and middle-aged are no longer subject.

Age may know greater sorrow, but sees it in a clearer light. We learn in time that there are very few things which long retain their full power to charm or hurt.

The child or the young man is incapable of imagining a time when he will leave behind him and be indifferent to the recollection of the anguish that has befallen him to-day.

Convince him that he will—which you will have great difficulty in doing—and you have furnished a panacea for what is most radical in his misery.

In fact, if you can do the same for anyone in trouble you have pierced his gloom with light.

Nothing is interminable—nothing—and few evils are altogether without compensation.

I once heard Lord Balfour say that to be old enough to want to look back on life at all was a great help in looking forward. It was a wise and penetrating remark.

WE do not, as a rule, want to look back on life while the greater part of it is still before us; and it is looking forward when things are going ill with us that chiefly saddens the mind and robs us of hope.

The divine who placed over his study door the motto, "This, too, shall pass away," and looked at it when assailed by despondency or grief, found comfort in the thought.

The same reminder would be helpful to us all when the prospect is drear.

BLACK-HEARTED BERTIE

EXPLOITING THE SUN

A One Man Charity

ALL over the country there are rogues who exist by robbing the public in the sacred name of charity.

The police are powerless to take action so long as something, even 1 per cent. of the proceeds, is expended upon the objects for which the money is collected. If the promoter steals all the rest, and accounts for it as "expenses," nothing can be done!

The Charity Organisation Society has thousands of bogus charities on its black list, and has long since endorsed our demands to Parliament for a rigid amendment of the law.

A few weeks ago we received some inquiries about a concern called the Sunny Bank Children's Cottage Homes, Holymoorside, Derbyshire, which was described as a "Convalescent and Rest Home for Children of the Extreme Poor," and which gave as the secretary, Mr. B. E. Dixon, of Elmwood House, 151, Stamford Hill, London, N.

An appealing phrase

It appears that Mr. Dixon, who had been previously operating from Park House, Granville Gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W., was very anxious to enrol paid workers into this scheme, and was busy advertising for the right people.

In reply to these advertisements, applicants received a letter from Mr. Dixon which, headed with the impressive title of the charity and the words "Help the Children," intimated that the concern was one of the most genuine in existence.

"We should require three references that would bear investigation," wrote Mr. Dixon, "and, owing to the amount of abuse that these positions offer, we should also require a small deposit which is returned as soon as we are satisfied with the integrity of the collector." The reference to the "amount of abuse that these positions offer" is extremely interesting in view of subsequent events.

Useful hints

These are some of his "hints" to the collectors he engaged.

Get the help of Voluntary Collectors as much as possible, engage Collectors also upon a 25 per cent. commission basis.

Get into touch with Clergy, Slum and Welfare workers, ask them to refer to you any case suitable for admission to our Homes.

Special collections in Sunday Schools, at Football Matches, the organising of Whist Drives, Concerts, Parties, etc., and anything of that nature that suits your own locality best.

The organising of Flag Days, for which we would endeavour to obtain your authority.

The distributing of Counter and Wall Boxes for voluntary donations.

Collecting Clothes, Boots, Food, etc., and anything that is useful or can be made of profit.

This will give you an idea of the nature of the work required of you.

It will be readily seen from this that Mr. Dixon intended conducting his campaign on a very extensive scale. But being extremely dubious about the whole thing, we got into touch at once with the Charity Organisation Society on the matter.

Now let us see what happened to applicants who handed over the required deposit. Take first one case:

When Mr. Ingledew, of Doncaster Road, Stairfoot, answered the advertisement Dixon told him that the men were required to act as organising superintendents for the homes, and that the average wage would be between £8 and £9 per week.

Mr. Ingledew handed over £8 as "a guarantee of good faith," but very soon discovered that the charity was run by Dixon for his own gain. When inquiries were made to find the Sunny Bank Homes at Holymoorside, the "homes" proved to be completely mythical.

The only thing that was not mythical about them was Mr. Dixon, who had been living at Holymoorside since February last, and was busy collecting for himself, both there and from his London address!

The matter eventually reached the police, who went to Holymoorside to discover that Mr. Dixon had abandoned it, and that Sunny Bank had assumed quite a wintry aspect.

Following up the trail to Stamford Hill, they discovered Mr. Dixon occupying an attic, surrounded by collecting boxes, charity collection permits, etc., all bearing the poignant words: "Please help the Sunny Bank Children's Cottage Homes."

A new address

The representations were absolutely false, and the extent to which Dixon took his swindle, was demonstrated when several collecting cards were found upon which records of money were noted, and sketches of the "Homes," which depicted a crowd of children "all smiles."

Mr. Dixon is no longer at Sunny Bank, nor is he at Stamford Hill. He is now in jail, and we are glad he has been sent there before his ingenious fraud was permitted to impose too deeply upon the public.

The moral of this story is simple. If you receive literature from any concern like this, which gives neither references nor testimonials, send it along to us, so that we can go on making it clear to charity pests that even though the law appears to foster them, JOHN BULL, in the public interest, takes quite a different view.

A Colossal Crash

Victim's Sad Plight

THE Belgrave Mills Company, Ltd., of Oldham, Lancashire, has just collapsed with tremendous liabilities and a deputation of shareholders has waited upon the Public Prosecutor to ask whether he is willing to hold an enquiry into the affairs of the concern and the activities of some of its officers.

Sir Archibald Bodkin has replied that he does not propose to do so at present, and he is probably quite right in this, for unless specific details of irregularities are brought to his notice it is not his business to investigate.

* * *

But we certainly think that the President of the Board of Trade, which is responsible for the Companies Registration Department, should get some of his officials to look into the matter.

The loss involved in its collapse, as far as can be ascertained is in the neighbourhood of £3,500,000!

All over Lancashire there are people who have put their money into this company. There are others who have done work for it and cannot get paid, and, owing to the sudden and dramatic nature of its collapse, they are led to believe that something grossly improper has taken place.

* * *

Claims upon the company by creditors range from £50 to £25,000 and £70,000, and naturally it is the smallest creditors who feel it most.

The failure is alleged to have been brought about by trade depression, but surely no company can fail with such a loss as £3,500,000 without knowing for months before the crash comes that failure is imminent?

One of the saddest features of the tragedy is that many of the employees at the mill, believing that everything was shortly coming right, invested their life savings and lost every penny.

Until his death a month or two ago, Mr. William Greenwood, M.P., was managing director, and the implicit faith that the Lancashire people had in him led many of them to do business with the firm when it must have been insolvent.

Another allied company, called the Belgrave Standard Tyres Co., has also failed with a loss of £2,000,000.

* * *

All the victims have got to wait while the slow machinery of the Bankruptcy Courts unravels the complicated nature of each company's finances. Meanwhile, homes are being sold up, families cast adrift, and bankruptcies amongst the victims will be certain to follow.

Trading on Honesty

More About Pepper

IN our issue of November 21, 1925, we had occasion to expose the procedure of a Mr. W. F. Pepper and a concern called the British and Colonial Agricultural, Horticultural and Stockbreeders' Association and National Farmers' Club. Further enlightenment on the dealings of "hot stuff" Pepper has come to light.

In 1922 Mr. F. Traverse, of Grange Park, St. Helens, Lancashire, unfortunately fell into Pepper's hands through an advertisement in the *Agricultural Gazette*, and the result was disastrous.

At that time Mr. Traverse had about £100 to his credit, which he had saved in the Army, and, thinking he would like to take up an outdoor life, answered the advertisement for representatives for wholesale agricultural supplies, offering salary and commission.

Cheap labour

Mr. Traverse was given the district of Lincolnshire, and was told that he would be expected to work all the markets in that district.

He deposited as required by the company the sum of £50, which he was informed would bear interest and could be withdrawn at any time should he desire to terminate his appointment. Keenly open to the possibilities of the job, and believing that he was working for an honest concern, Mr. Traverse opened an office in Grantham, on which he spent about £15, and also rented a small motor-car, in which he travelled to the various markets.

He did roughly two months' hard work, standing about in markets, and in all sorts of weather, gaining introductions to farmers and obtaining orders, which were forwarded to the company, but never executed. For his work he received nothing.

He then took the matter up with solicitors, who communicated with Mr. Pepper. Pepper had the audacity to admit the account, which in all totalled about £70, including the deposit which Mr. Traverse wished to withdraw, and sent a cheque for £10 on account. And that £10 was the last farthing that he received from Mr. Pepper.

Trust shattered

The effect of all this has been most detrimental to Mr. Traverse's health and also the health of his mother who lives with him. To-day he is a despondent man who has lost much of his faith in human nature.

His embitterment against life is the direct cause of a dishonest man's trading on the latent honesty of the English people which, fortunately, is not abused in such a scandalous manner by the members of the commercial world in general.

But, unfortunately, it is the dealings that the public have with this type of person that bias them in any future connection that may happen with firms of known integrity.

A Halfpenny for Ninepence

Spikesman's New Game

A FEW days ago a lady called on us to ask for advice regarding the peculiar ending of her efforts to earn an honest living. Seeing an advertisement in the *West London Observer*, she sent a stamped envelope for particulars.

She received a glowing statement on pink paper which stated that for the negligent sum of 5s. to cover the firm against the merely curious they would forward particulars.

Attached to the blushing document was the usual legal money-back guarantee if the donor of the 5s. was unable to make money as per instructions.

The lady sent the dollar, and received three pages of reading matter, containing some ten plans of how to make from £2 upwards per week. Plan No. 8 was the one the lady decided to follow.

This consisted of answering "Situations Wanted" advertisements, writing to the work-seekers, and telling them that for 1s. they could be put in touch with a firm which specialises in home employment.

A startling reply

The lady sent one answer to a box number in reply to an advertisement that appeared in the *Daily Express*: "Advertiser, 25, University commercial training, clerical and journalistic experience, seeks any work offering a livelihood."

The reply was somewhat startling. An unstamped letter containing a coin, for which the postman demanded 9d., arrived at her house. She paid, and the letter inside was one that, in our opinion, should have been addressed to the firm for which she was working, and we hope the following extract will be brought to their notice:

"Your cheek is only equalled by the foolishness that must exist among seekers of employment to keep such pests going.

"If anyone out of work is insane enough to send money to you, they deserve to remain out of work for ever. But I would advise you to seek a livelihood less dishonourable and degrading if you have any self-respect whatever.

"It will give me great pleasure to see your name and address published in that excellent organ JOHN BULL. I enclose a halfpenny, in the hope that the G.P.O. will further surcharge you their registration fee for coins."

So this unfortunate lady's honest endeavour has cost her 6s. 3d., less the halfpenny in the envelope.

The reason why

No wonder; because the firm she was dealing with is none other than Stone and Company, of Cromwell House, High Holborn, the firm that has an exchange with no telephone number, and whose head is the Mr. E. M. Spikesman that we have extensively pilloried in the past.

The lady did not get her money back. She has called repeatedly at Cromwell House, and every time has been informed that Mr. Spikesman is out. We ourselves have had a similar experience in our endeavours to see the head of Stone and Company.

TWO SIRENS IN TROUSERS

SILVERY-TONGUED TOUTS

Shallow Oil Wells

EARLY in the summer two gentlemen arrived at Colchester and arranged to lodge for the night with Mr. W. T. Topham, a garage proprietor of 48, East Street.

One of the two visitors was extremely affable. He was George M. Read, who modestly explained that he was a director of a big company, having as his co-director a millionaire.

Mr. Read suggested that he could be very useful to Mr. Topham and his business, as his millionaire friend was busily buying up garages here, there and everywhere.

Now it so happened that Mr. Topham was anxious to sell his garage, and with the pleasing prospect of Read and the millionaire being willing to lend him their joint advice and experience in such matters, he listened attentively to the stories which fell from Mr. Read.

Meeting the "millionaire"

Later he went with Read to an office at 9, Victoria Street, London, S.W., where they interviewed the millionaire, who turned out to be a Mr. F. C. Workman.

Mr. Workman did not, perhaps, quite look the part. He was not covered with diamonds, so to speak, but, like Read, he possessed charm of manner and his rhetoric was alluring.

He started off by telling Mr. Topham what a wonderful fellow he was. He was a company director of no ordinary calibre. He had heaps of money invested in various concerns, and was also a director of the All British Oil Company, Ltd.

When he had finished talking about himself Mr. Workman explained, with a grand gesture, that he would like to buy Mr. Topham's garage at Colchester. He proposed to form a company to run it, and, if Mr. Topham agreed to the terms of the transaction, he would be given the salaried position of branch manager.

A deposit of £100 was to be made in cash, and Topham was to receive 350 £1 shares on the understanding that Mr. Workman would redeem these at par in the event of Mr. Topham's services being dispensed with. The £100 deposit was paid by cheque to a solicitor, who retained it because certain monies were due to him.

The troubles of Topham

This was only the beginning of Topham's troubles. The new company, under the direction of Read and Workman, now began to obtain goods from Topham's stock that they did not pay for. No books were given him in which to keep proper accounts, and presently no salary came to hand.

The shares he got were not worth anything like he supposed they would be, and the position soon became serious and creditors began to press him for debts he could not meet.

Eventually he consulted a solicitor, who pointed out how cleverly he had been misled by Read and Workman. Although he held shares in the company he was in a great minority and had no power.

It also transpired that the agreement which Topham had unwittingly signed placed him entirely at the mercy of the company, for it contained a clause justifying his dismissal on trivial grounds.

With the aid of friends, Mr. Topham was able to bring an action against the company, with the result that he has now got his garage back again.

We find that Mr. Workman is not a stranger to the courts of law. The All British Oil Company, Ltd., together with another concern, were recently sued by an assistant-manager at their Southend branch for damages for breach of contract.

There was no defence on the part of the All British Oil Company, but the other concern, the All British Oil (Marketing Company), stated in its defence that Mr. F. C. Workman had no authority to appoint an assistant branch-manager.

Yet it transpired that the plaintiff, Mr. Hill, had not only been appointed by Workman but had also been induced to purchase 2,000 2s. shares in the company, paying £25 down and agreeing to pay £2 a week until the balance had been wiped off. He did this on the understanding that all the other employees were shareholders, but this was not so.

After a short while Hill was informed that he was not wanted any longer. By that time he had paid £113 10s. and had also induced his father-in-law to invest £250 in the company, having been told by Workman that he would be allowed 10 per cent. on any shares he sold.

It was stated in court that the company possessed four shallow oil wells in Texas which produced barely enough oil to pay pumping expenses. The shares were not worth anything and never had been.

Be careful with agreements

In giving a verdict in favour of the plaintiff, Mr. Justice Hill set aside the defence that Workman had acted without authority.

These two cases in which Mr. F. C. Workman has figured should act as a warning to all people who sign agreements without obtaining expert legal advice upon them.

A Young Life Blighted

A Sentence of Severity

A PATHETIC letter has reached us from the broken-hearted father of a young Irish lad of seventeen, who has been very harshly treated by the law.

The lad is Norman McKimm, of 24, James Street, Newtownards, Co. Down, and he was charged a few days ago with five others—four of whom were his seniors—with stealing 32s. in cash and goods to the value of £20.

* * *

When the case was heard at the Newtownards Courthouse, the presiding magistrate, Mr. Thomas Drake, J.P., observed that he believed McKimm to be a young boy who had been led astray.

But when the trial took place at the quarter sessions, McKimm was sentenced to two years in a Borstal institution, whilst the elder rascals were sent to prison for terms of only six and seven months.

Why this harsh sentence on a lad of seventeen? Two years! Eighteen months' incarceration after the real rascals are free! And then only out on "licence," for under the Borstal regulations the authorities may make him notify his movements for twelve months after the completion of his sentence in their reformatory institutions.

The lad's father petitioned the Home Secretary for Northern Ireland on the lad's behalf, but his appeal was met with a cold, stereotyped letter from Mr. A. Ronaldson of the Ministry of Home Affairs, Belfast, stating that "the law must take its course."

* * *

The lad's life will be utterly blasted, for all his prospects of making good are ruined. If he could be released now his old employer is perfectly willing to reinstate him, as McKimm has worked constantly in the same firm since he left school at the age of thirteen.

This is clearly a case which demands special investigation, and an inquiry should be held without delay. The magistrate who committeed McKimm for trial obviously felt that the lad was merely a pawn in the game, or he would never have made his comment.

It seems that the law delights in going to extremes, and it almost always errs on the wrong side.

* * *

Only the other day we had to protest against a London magistrate discharging a boy of seventeen "without a stain on his character" after he had admitted indecently assaulting a little girl of five in disgraceful circumstances.

Where is justice? Well might young Norman McKimm ponder this problem as he waits in his present "home" for the time to come when once again he will be free.

A COLD STORAGE "FREEZE"

HOT STUFF ICE CONCERN

A Syndicate Below Zero

THERE are numerous ways in this world by which people can make money, and most of them seem to be known to a gentleman named A. Morley Everett, of 34, Surrey Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Mr. Everett is one of a number of remarkable individuals who exhibit a most extraordinary flair for philanthropy. Having, by some mysterious means, acquired the golden secrets of fortune-making, they have not the slightest wish to keep them to themselves.

A little while ago Mr. Everett and his colleagues suddenly came forward with a generous proposition, hinting at the untold wealth that was to be made from the ice-making and cold-storage industry. They were, in short, booming a concern known as the R.T.D. Syndicate, Ltd., and offering 2,000 £1 shares for sale.

Their generosity did not end with the offer of these wonderful shares. They were even willing to allow investors to pay for them in four instalments of 5s., and a substantial dividend was promised within three or four months.

A New Year promise

The R.T.D. Syndicate, as a Promoting and Finance Company, was to foster the ice-making and cold-storage industry, and it was to begin by developing the Arctic and Cold Storage Company. This company was described as a "going concern" that had been making profits amounting to 28½ per cent. per annum.

Several people grabbed up some of the shares offered by the benevolent Mr. Everett and his colleagues, and a Stockport reader who invested money nearly a year ago has not yet seen any return in the shape of a dividend, in spite of the alluring promises made in the prospectus.

Getting a little anxious, he wrote to the R.T.D. Syndicate, and in due course was favoured with a letter, signed by Mr. Morley Everett, which expressed regret that the ice and cold storage business had not been carried through. The vendors of that company had not been able to hold on to the new factory they proposed taking, so they had been obliged to carry on in their old works.

Mr. Everett added that, as the prospects for promoting an ice manufacturing company would naturally not be good during the winter, nothing could be done until "early in the New Year."

A damning alliance

Not being at all impressed, our reader placed the matter in our hands for enquiry. We feel sure that the public will be interested in the result of our enquiries, and it will not take us long to sum the matter up very briefly.

The R.T.D. Syndicate was registered in 1920, and one of its early registered offices was situated in St. Mary's Chambers, 161A, Strand, London, W.C.2. We must confess that this address came as a little surprise to us, as for some years it has been associated with a notorious old company-promoter named Holman Cox, alias Ebenezer Cox, who has been behind numerous financial disasters, and whose disappointed clients are legion.

Looking further into the matter, we find that Mr. Morley Everett is very closely associated with Holman Cox, and has been throughout the latter's very inglorious company-mongering career. This fact alone should be sufficient to damn the R.T.D. Syndicate. But another suspicious feature is that the shares were offered for sale by the Western Counties Incorporated Trust, Ltd.

Now, the Western Counties Incorporated Trust, Ltd., is also a notorious concern, which has offered shares for sale in countless other wretched projects that have been financial failures. The leading light is actually Ebenezer Cox himself, whose name stinks in financial circles. It is when things get too hot for him that the Morley Everett signature comes forward, whilst Cox remains discreetly in the background.

Amongst the many shady ventures with which these two gentlemen have been associated, we may mention the Demerara Sugar Estates, Ltd., Classic Sauces, Ltd., and the Pall Mall Wine and Spirit Company, Ltd.

This swindling concern was run on much the same lines as the R.T.D. Syndicate, and the shares were peddled in exactly the same way by the Western Counties Incorporated Trust, Ltd. In inviting subscription the most extravagant lies were told, the prospectus was a wicked piece of impertinence and a document that was fraudulent in the extreme.

Amazing recklessness

It seems amazing that people will invest their money in new companies run by shady individuals whose records can be checked so easily if inquiry is made at the proper time.

Is it not far better to write to JOHN BULL to find out something about the promoters of a concern *before* investing money instead of *after*?

Meanwhile, so far as the flamboyant circulars and prospectuses bearing the names of Ebenezer Cox and A. Morley Everett are concerned, there is only one thing to be said. If you have any respect for the Treasury notes in your pocket put their literature in the fire.

The Slippery Salmon

Textile Trade Trickery.

THE long-firm fraud has now reached such a serious stage, and such huge sums are being involved every year, that Scotland Yard must immediately enlarge the scope of its enquiries.

We have constantly deplored the fact that hitherto the police have only dealt with the mere pawns in the game. Meanwhile, the real culprits go scot-free, and their agents, having been heavily paid for their services, are content to suffer in silence.

* * *

Two cases recently came up at the Old Bailey, and the textile trade is particularly disgusted with the light sentences imposed.

The first concerned two brothers Hirsch Louis and Henry Chain Zweigenbaum. They are Russian Jews who came to this country from Antwerp as refugees in 1914.

In 1916 they started business in partnership with their father, Abraham Zweigenbaum, at Green Lanes, Finsbury Park, as blouse manufacturers. Four years later the business was moved to Walworth Road, and eventually old Abraham died intestate.

* * *

The two brothers then moved to Great Eastern Street, and, gradually obtaining the confidence of honest traders by faked references, etc., began to acquire goods on credit. Eventually they went bankrupt for £9,000 with assets of £42!

The elder brother has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the second division, whilst the younger has been bound over in the sum of £10.

Of course these penalties, imposed by Judge Atherley Jones, are disgracefully lenient, and the fact that this precious pair were not recommended for deportation is in itself a grave scandal.

The other case to which the textile trade takes exception is that of Harry Aaron Salmon and Barnard Giblet, who robbed traders of £23,000 worth of goods in the name of H. A. Salmon & Co. When these two went bankrupt they accounted for £19,000 by fictitious losses.

In this connection they swore that they had supplied goods to five or six persons on credit without taking any references, and that these persons had since disappeared. If these persons ever existed, which is very doubtful, they were probably confederates in the swindle.

* * *

These offenders received fifteen months in the second division, which is certainly not likely to act as a deterrent or to discourage others. How can we expect to stop impudent thieves like these if, for robbing traders of over £20,000, they can get off with such light sentences?

An Unsolved Crime

A Damning Indictment

ON February 7, 1925, we demanded what had been done to discover the murderer of Janet Smith, a Scottish girl emigrant in Vancouver.

Speaking before the Provincial Legislature at Victoria, British Columbia, in November last, Attorney-General Manston delivered an address lasting two hours, and admitted the following damning facts:

"A most regrettable mess was made of the enquiry into the death of Janet Smith by the Point Grey Police. They left everything undone that ought to have been done. A police officer without a warrant announced that death was the result of suicide. At an inquest a finding was made that did not indicate homicide.

"My attention was called to the matter a day or two after the first inquest, and I directed the superintendent of the provincial police to make a thorough enquiry. A second inquest was held, resulting in a verdict of murder."

And then comes the announcement that the heaviest sentence imposed on the fourteen prisoners, was one of one year on Oscar V. Robinson, convicted of abducting Wong Foon Sing (who was tried for the murder, and subsequently acquitted).

No one has been found guilty of the capital charge, and this adds to the long list of unsolved mysteries.

6d. Ticket Mystery

WE much regret the publication in an article under this heading in our issue of October 24 last of certain reflections upon the League of Service and its secretary, Mrs. G. H. Atkinson.

As a result of strong representations and explanations by Messrs. Gordon Dadds & Co., of 175, Piccadilly, who are Mrs. Atkinson's solicitors, and of a fuller investigation of the facts, we are now satisfied that certain of our criticisms were not justified.

We have satisfied ourselves that a full answer was made at the time to Mr. Francis Morris' letter to the *Times* in January, 1924, to which we referred; that Mrs. Atkinson had declined to draw her salary as secretary for the preceding six months; that no deputation in fact waited upon the authorities of Scotland Yard to persuade them to withhold their official consent for a Flag Day for the League of Service, and that no such consent was withheld and that any suggestion, direct or indirect, reflecting upon the bona fides of the League of Service or on Mrs. Atkinson as its promoter and secretary, is not justified.

In the circumstances, therefore, we express our regret that the statements complained of appeared in our columns, and we have contributed a donation to the funds of the League of Service as a token of good faith, and as some compensation for the loss suffered by the League as the result of these criticisms.

Magisterial Muddles

Ludicrous Law

THE extraordinary divergence of opinion on the part of our police-court magistrates when passing sentence is a matter that has occasioned comment from various sources.

Penalties are now meted out with no standard of measurement, and whether the offender gets his deserts would appear to depend almost entirely upon the personal view of the magistrate who happens to be sitting at the time.

Not long ago a sailor was charged with a grave offence against a young boy. Undoubtedly he should have been sent up for trial, but his case was summarily dealt with and he was merely bound over.

Costly apples

Compare with that the case of a docker who was sent to prison by a Bristol magistrate for stealing a pennyworth of apples which he had picked up at Avonmouth dock, and the hopeless state of the law becomes readily apparent.

Or take the case of a young Irish girl who received sentence of twelve months' imprisonment for stealing £12 worth of goods.

There was no mention of a previous conviction having been proved against her, and she had simply been the victim of an irresistible impulse, which sometimes comes to a young girl who desires articles of adornment which she is not in a position to buy for herself. Now, with the prison stigma upon her, she will be ruined for life.

Now compare this poor girl's case with that of a young man who stole a cheque for £400 from his employer. He was found guilty of signing, endorsing and cashing the cheque, and evidence was given that he afterwards persuaded a respectable girl to run away with him, finally leaving her stranded with a baby.

If ever there was a case that merited severe punishment, surely the above should be considered as one. But the sentence that was passed in this instance can scarcely be credited. This man, a forger and a thief, who had brought about the ruin of an innocent girl, was—bound over!

A somewhat different instance of an extraordinary sentence is afforded by the case of a young Bristol girl who was charged with stealing a ring from a former employer.

Ridiculous rulings

The girl pleaded that the ring had been given to her by her employer, an elderly lady, who admitted that she could not remember whether she had given the ring to the girl or not. The girl was eventually found "Not guilty" and *yet was ordered to return the ring.*

There is no need to go on multiplying instances of this sort, but there is immediate need for drastic revisions in a system which can produce such a ludicrous state of affairs and which makes the law seem so utterly futile and absurd.

A SWEET-STUFF SCOUNDREL

JAIL-BIRD'S PLAUSIBLE TALES

A Confectionery Swindle.

THE time has come when we must make an emphatic protest against the indifferent attitude of the authorities in dealing with the growing number of employment-with-investment sharks who contrive by fraudulent schemes to rob the unemployed.

Hundreds of out-of-work men and women answer advertisements every week which offer remunerative positions in return for substantial investments. Daily our postbag brings us letters from poor dupes who have lost everything they possessed through the rogues who practise this cruel form of plunder.

Mr. L. J. Woods, of Croydon, saw an advertisement a month or two ago for a confectioner's traveller. A deposit of £25 was required. He went to an office at 19,23, Oxford Street, and there interviewed a gentleman named Henry Herbert Lowe.

Glowing stories

Lowe agreed to engage Woods at £3 a week. Anxious to get work, the applicant paid over the £25, particularly because Lowe impressed upon him the fact that the business was a splendid one.

About the same time, Mr. E. S. Hudson also answered a similar advertisement, and went to see Lowe at his Oxford Street office.

The same glowing stories were unfolded. But Mr. Hudson did not take the job at once, and a day or two after the interview he got a letter from Lowe, in which the latter felt sure everything could be nicely arranged if Hudson could commence on the following Tuesday.

Mr. Hudson saw Lowe again. Together they went to south-east London, where Lowe interviewed an estate agent for the purpose of "obtaining an office" for his new employee. Offices were, as a matter of fact, actually *viewed* in Mint Street, Southwark. But when the viewing had been done the transaction finished.

A little later on an agreement was signed, whereby Hudson was to be employed by Lowe as a "confectioner's traveller" at £3 a week plus commission, and Hudson paid over his £25. Up till this time Mr. Hudsonhad believed he was dealing with a genuine concern.

Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., who sentenced Lowe

Disillusionment, however, set in almost immediately. No businesswas done, there was no confectionery to sell, and Mr. Hudson, who had also by that time been induced to part with another £30, demanded his money back

Plentiful promises

He did not get it. Promises were plentiful, but no money. He found that Lowe had tricked a large number of other people in the same sort of way, and with the money had opened two dance-halls.

Mr. Hudson again asked for his money. He could not get it. Even his salary was not forthcoming, Eventually, with other victims, he went to the police and Lowe was arrested.

For three whole days proceedings progressed against him at the Old Bailey. During this time the judge listened to the pathetic stories of the various dupes.

Lowe has now been found guilty of obtaining money by false pretences and sent to jail. The judge denounced him as a thoroughly dishonest fellow—as a plausible rogue who preyed upon honest people.

But the judge did not say anything about the cruel laws of this country which permit anybody to trade as a company, advertise for employees with money, and defraud them with impunity.

Lowe's terrible record

Who is Lowe? Who is this man who was allowed to rob the unemployed in this amazing fashion?

On February 4, 1919, he was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment for obtaining goods by fraud.

In September, 1921, he received eighteen months' hard labour at Liverpool for obtaining money by false pretences. An interesting feature of that case was that his wife was also indicted with him, and received a sentence of nine months.

A little later on, Lowe was again sentenced to a further sixteen months' imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretences, and in this case his victims were all ex-soldiers.

In this latest venture—the Oxford Street confectionery swindle—he only started "employing" people on the investment plan last August. The reason for this is that he only came out of prison a month before!

When *will* our legislators, with all their wisdom, introduce laws to prevent rogues like this from trading, and stop them *before*, instead of *after*, their victims have been caught?

Bludgeoned by Fate

Fighting against Adversity

WHEN one has been made bankrupt financially there is always the possibility of being able to recover and perhaps gain a fair competence in this world's goods. If, however, the bankruptcy is a physical one, the difficulty of recovery is greater, but it is possible provided that there is the wherewithal to assist in that recovery.

But when both these evils come simultaneously the chances of recovery are reduced to a minimum.

In 1923 there was a prosperous firm of accountants living in Andover by the name of Weller and Goddard, and to-day Mr. Goddard at the age of fifty-eight finds himself a physical and financial bankrupt through his dealings with A. A. Holroyd and the Holwin Construction Company.

* * *

Our representative sawMr. Goddard recently at Droitwich, and a more pitiable sight it is impossible to conceive. Mr. Goddard comes of the race of which heroes are made, and though faced with ruin through this infamous concern, he put up a brave fight through the greater part of 1924, but then his health broke down completely and in December a petition in bankruptcy was filed.

* * *

After fifteen months of nervous trouble and rheumatoid arthritis, brought on directly through his financial worries, the doctors say that he will be a confirmed cripple for life.

The disease which has undermined Mr. Goddard's health has attacked his joints, and this unfortunate man who, a year ago, was the picture of health, suffers so acutely that it takes him nearly ten minutes to sit down, and in this painful operation, so natural to most of us, he can receive no assistance, but has to do it by himself.

Fortunately the milk of human kindness has not dried up in the prosaic world of to-day, and through the generosity of friends and relations, who have rallied round him in his adversity, he is enabled to get some measure of relief by taking the waters at Droitwich Spa, and by getting massage.

And yet, despite the bludgeonings of Fate, Mr. Goddard is still fighting, and hopes at fifty-eight that the day will not be far off when he will be able to recover sufficient use of his limbs in order that he may weld together the pitiful pieces of his life, and make a home for his wife and himself.

* * *

We do not suppose that the above knowledge will rouse any sympathy in the mind of Holroyd. Mr. Goddard is not the first person he has harmed, but it is to be hoped that Holroyd's claws will be clipped ere long, to preclude his being able to bring further misery into the lives of his fellowmen.

A PLAUSIBLE OLD PARASITE

MAN OF MANY ALIASES

King of Fairy-Tale Tellers

A REMARKABLE and hitherto untold story lies behind the conviction last week of a notorious old swindler named Robert Gee.

Gee, who was found guilty of fraud, was sentenced by Mr. Hay Halkett to the startlingly lenient term of three months' imprisonment.

We venture to suggest that if the magistrate had known what one of our representatives has now discovered about this rogue's past career, he would have sentenced him much more severely.

Gee has lived by his wits for the past twenty-five years at least. His real name is unknown, but a score of aliases can be traced to him.

A few months ago he was masquerading as Joseph Lee. Next he appeared as Joseph Smith. In all, taking his aliases at random, he has been Mrs. J. M. Smith, W. H. N. Wilson, E. B. Westmorland, H. W. Blakeney, Robert Charles Payne, Robert Bradley, Frederick Gee, F. Geeson and George W. Notting.

A scoundrel's screed

His method is to write to wealthy people for assistance by telling them lying stories of distress and woe.

He got in touch some time ago with a well-known clergyman who had just lost a relative. "I was very sorry when I read of the death of this grand horseman and hunter," he wrote. "I lived with him till an accident compelled me to undergo an operation, and I am sorry it has not proved very successful, leaving me lame and badly ruptured now."

The letter was written when this swindler of many names was living in College Place, Cale Street, Chelsea, and went on to explain that, following the accident which separated him from the clergyman's brother, he was reduced to a miserable existence by selling small wares.

For the purposes of this letter he was Joseph Smith, and the final passages of the document, which was naturally appealing for money to tide him over his difficulties, were extremely graphic:

"Will you, Sir, please help me with a little, for which I will be very thankful to you for the same. There are thousands upon thousands of us here, who have done their bit for us all in the war, without food or shelter, lying upon the hard pavement of Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly. The Embankment is lined with destitute and homeless. May God bless your efforts. I pray, in each of us that are able, to try and help each other for the sake of Him who gave Himself for us all."

A multitude of birth places

The clergyman, who had never heard of Mr. Smith, was wise enough to have a few enquiries made.

He found that he had been living on money obtained by fraud for years, and that he had masqueraded under various names. He further discovered that he had already claimed to have been born in a good many places,—also, curiously enough, to have been a housemaid.

In another instance—the actual letter is before us as we write—he wrote to a famous titled lady:

"In all sincerity and truth I was very sorry indeed to read of your accident, but I do hope you are better. I know what concussion is, for I was knocked down by a lady's brougham at Sloane Street Corner, Knightsbridge, picked up by a police ambulance, and taken to hospital. I was unconscious 36 hours, and the worst evil was that the doctor made me lie flat with no pillow at all."

For every member of the public who, like the clergyman, was wise enough to make enquiries before parting with money, Gee has found scores to send him cash.

His plan is always ingenious in the extreme. Whenever anybody dies, and the record of their deaths appears in the newspapers, he writes to the relatives with the same sort of fairy story as he told the clergyman. Whenever lists of wills are published he writes to all the people concerned with the same object in view.

Whenever any famous soldier appears in the news columns of the papers, he writes to them to say that he had served at some time or other with their regiment. But there is always one thing missing from his letters—the record of his criminal career.

In March, 1920, he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for obtaining money by fraud.

Kill his future exploits

The scandal that he has now got off so lightly is aggravated by the fact that he is an incorrigible rogue, who, in various names, has, as far as can be traced owing to his multifarious aliases, no fewer than twelve convictions!

This many-named swindler will shortly be at large again and will almost certainly at once resume his persistent plunderings. We hope we have said enough to curb the scope of his future activities.

A Wonderful Record

Gift Worth 25s. to Every Reader

JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift during the year that has just closed has proved once more to be the most practical and beneficial in the world.

To-day, on the threshold of the New Year, JOHN BULL points with pride to the fact that over 18,000 readers have received benefits under this great gift.

So generous are the benefits offered that they would actually cost the reader at least 25s. if taken out through an insurance company.

"I am sure no big premium insurance company could have treated me better" is a phrase continually occurring in our correspondence.

* * *

Throughout 1925 our Free Insurance has been put to the test as never before. The fire fiend has stalked abroad in cities and villages, reducing many homes to ashes and timely cheques from JOHN BULL have saved much distress and privation.

Storms of unparalleled severity have lashed the country with their fury, doing tremendous damage.

Floods have desolated large areas.

Sickness, due in a measure to the severity of our winter has stricken down the fit and unfit alike. Accidents have been unusually heavy. In view of these calamities, JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance has been a blessing indeed.

* * *

"We do not know how to thank you for the way you have dealt with us," writes Mr. Daniel Jones, 5, Arthur Street, Blaengwynfi, Port Talbot. "The money will be a godsend to enable us to restore the home."

Consider, too, another letter typical of the thousands received, that from Mr. John Hart, 131, Garnett Street, Bradford, Yorks: "Although the tragedy is unforgettable, your cheque for £250 brings with it a heavenly touch in practical form, and I shall look upon it as a sacred trust to be spent wisely . . . . ."

Is it any wonder that JOHN BULL is proud to offer again to its readers in 1926 a Free Insurance Gift which wins so many golden opinions?

* * *

Over 18,000 benefits paid! Doesn't that show the great practical value of our gift? Doesn't it also suggest that there is a grave possibility that you may need help from JOHN BULL during 1926, in the shape of a cheque under our Free Insurance?

You never can tell. A stray spark may reduce that little home of yours to ashes, or sickness or accident incapacitate you for work.

Why not, then, before the Old Year dies, resolve that you will not be caught napping in 1926 should calamity come. It costs nothing to register, but it may cost you a world of regret to delay.

Present registered readers are fully qualified for the 1926 benefits, and should not re-register unless they have changed their address or newsagent.

An Appeal for Justice

A Cuban's Cruelty

IN our issue of March 14, 1925, we had occasion to expose the heartless and cruel treatment accorded an English girl, Mrs. May Navarrete, *nee* Rawlings, who was divorced by her husband, a Cuban in Cuba, without any reason being advanced.

After considerable delay, her erstwhile husband was forced to provide for the child born of the marriage, and this he did until last August. Since then, however, when the money was given to the mother by a relative of Navarrete, the poor woman has not received one penny.

Her mother, Mrs. Emma Rawlings, of 84, Haytor Road, Brixton Hill, has befriended May and the child, and the three have lived on what casual work the daughter could obtain.

Official delay

Now Mrs. Navarrete is too ill to work, and all the money there is to keep the home going is Mrs. Rawlings' old-age pension.

Mrs. Rawlings, despite her age, has made repeated efforts through official channels to enforce Navarrete to support his child, but without any success.

As recently as November 26 last, the Foreign Office wrote to Mrs. Rawlings as follows:

"I am directed by Mr. Secretary Chamberlain to inform you that His Majesty's *chargé d'affaires* at Havana reports that he has obtained a written undertaking from Mr. Navarrete dated the 2nd inst., to the effect that in future he will make the payments for the support of the child direct to you."

And yet nothing has happened, and these three unfortunate human beings have been reduced to the lowest stage of poverty and want.

Surely, the Foreign Office of His Majesty's Government will at once take up this distressing case, and bring such pressure to bear on Mr. Navarrete that he will be compelled to pay for the hardship and privation that he has caused?

Though Mr. Navarrete divorced his wife in Cuba last year, she has not yet received the documents relating to that court action, though on November 26 she was informed by the Foreign Office that "the documents relating to your divorce are stated by Mr. Navarrete to have been handed to the local authorities for legislation, and will be forwarded to this department for transmission to you as soon as they are received by His Majesty's legation."

Justice's slight

It has always been the boast of English people in whatever part of the world they have been that they could rely on getting justice through the mediation of the British Government, and it is a sad commentary when a case such as this one of Mrs. Navarrete should be allowed to go on for so long without that justice which is the inalienable right of every British subject.

The Rusty Church Door

by MISS A. MAUDE ROYDEN

THE great need of the world to-day is fellowship in all departments of life. It is because the feeling of fellowship is so lacking in the Churches that the people find themselves so much out of sympathy with organised religion and look elsewhere for consolation

THERE are just a few things that happen to us in life that make a mark that cannot be rubbed out. Here is one of mine.

I was speaking to a crowd of unemployed men outside the employment exchange in a little shipping town. Unemployment had been pretty bad there ever since the war and didn't seem to be getting any better. I "talked religion" to those men, and they listened with real interest and attention.

When I had finished, my chairman—a local man—told them that I should be speaking again that night indoors, and invited them to come and hear me. Just as I was getting off the chair a man called out, "Where is the meeting to be?"

The moment he said it my heart sank and I knew what was going to happen. My chairman said, "In the —— Church in —— Street." I watched the men's faces. It was exactly as though someone had taken a sponge and wiped the expression out of the whole crowd.

They did not say a word—open-air crowds are nearly always the soul of courtesy—but their faces went blank. I knew that not one of them—or certainly not more than half a dozen—would attend the meeting that night.

Unity is strength

I was preaching what I call a "crusade" there. I have never preached it in a church since if I could possibly avoid it. A town-hall, or any other kind of hall, a theatre, or a cinema, or even, as on one occasion, every single meeting held in the open-air—all these suit me, but no more churches if I can help it.

The people I want most are not there.

Why is it? Has "organised religion" ceased to meet a need? Have we outgrown it? Sometimes one is inclined to think so, but I believe this is a mistake. When a man is caring and working for something, especially something that brings him up against public opinion, the first thing that he hungers for is fellowship.

If people are up against the world badly enough, they will meet one another somewhere, even if it is only in a hole in the ground and at the peril of their lives, like the first Christians. Often they would be much safer if they kept themselves to themselves. No matter: they *will* meet, just for the sake of being together, and they will dare anything for that sole purpose.

They not only find consolation in fellowship with one another, but they find courage and strength. That is a psychological truth which everyone grasps as soon as he is in a really hard fight and, whether he puts it into words or not, he instinctively acts on it.

The Church's beginning

That is why we need to have organisation. People complain of it, and, of course, it is always liable to kill the spirit which brought it into being; but when people want to get together they have to have some means of knowing where to meet and when. There is the beginning of your Church!

What sort of a need *should* the Churches meet, I wonder? They ought to meet our need for fellowship, and perhaps this is the first thing of all. It should be a fellowship with one another which would give courage to those who are afraid and guidance to those who are rash.

And because they *are* churches and not ordinary secular organisations, they ought also to give us the sense that we are in communion with a great Purpose with which we desire to unite ourselves and a great Power which can lift us above ourselves. I believe that most of us in our hearts believe in this Purpose and this Power.

The Churches to-day too often have no fellowship and no power, and that is why they chiefly appeal to the moderately comfortable and the moderately old-aged, and why they do not appeal to people who are in the battle of life. Yet most of us, I think, feel that, so long as the world is as it is, Christians ought to be in the thick of some battle.

Fuel to the flame

During the war organised religion, as a whole, not only did not take the unpopular side, but quite definitely and openly took the popular side. Many of the clergy and ministers of churches, not content merely to support the war, actually added fuel to the flames of hatred.

It would doubtless have been unpopular even for those who supported the war to suggest that we must still struggle with the temptations to hate, to believe evil, and to exact revenge; but if the Churches felt bound to support the war, were they not at least bound to do this?

Or, when "peace" came, was it not then at least possible for a great Christian campaign to take place in favour of a peace based on the principles of Christ—"If thine enemy hunger feed him; if he thirst give him drink"?

I have yet to learn that there was any great movement in organised religion against the blockade, or in favour of something a little nearer to righteousness than the Treaty of Versailles.

Fighting like tigers

Can it be denied that *occasionally* a strike has been justified in the industrial world? Can anyone look upon the history of industrialism and not see that at least *sometimes* the complaints of the workers (with regard to child-labour, wages, conditions, and so on) have been justified?

Has organised religion as a whole ever said so, or ever publicly supported the workers on these occasions? I do not know of one instance.

It was the same in the struggle for the freedom of women. Someone in my hearing put a question to a clergyman on the platform as to why the clergy in general didn't come out more openly on the side of the women. He replied with some surprise, "Well, I suppose because they don't want to have bottles thrown at them."

I, in equal surprise, said that I could not imagine such a consideration weighing with our Lord for an instant, and after all the clergy were supposed to be representing Him in the twentieth century. Result—mutual surprise.

Yet the Churches can fight if they like. They have fought one another like tigers over Education Bills, and doubtless will again. They have fought one another over the question of a State Church in Ireland, in Wales, and some day no doubt will fight in England. They have even fought (the Wesleyans and Anglicans) over whether the former have a right to address their ministers as "reverend."

I do not mean to suggest that if the Churches really took up the battle and "were not ashamed

Miss A. Maude Royden
(Assistant Preacher at the City Temple)

to confess the faith of Christ crucified" they would become popular: certainly they would not. But that, to Christian people, surely can't be the point. What they *would* become, I am quite sure, is *alive*. To live people, life itself is always attractive enough.

Religion's dead weight

The clergy wouldn't then have to discuss how to get people to come to church: the real Christians would come because they wanted to be together. When they came together they would have that intense sense of fellowship that comes to those who are up against great things—whether the soldier in the trenches or the conscientious objector in prison.

They would come because they want life and they would find it there. When they took up an unpopular cause because they believed it was on that side that their Master would be found, their courage and faith would give them a power out of all proportion to their numbers.

When they took up a popular cause that was just (and after all, human nature being as decent as it is, just causes are not always unpopular) they would bring into it the idealism that even just causes easily lose when they are too popular.

Of course I know that there are clergymen and ministers who take these risks and do these things, and are sometimes popular and sometimes not. I offer them all the more hearty tribute of admiration because I realise what a dead weight against them is the attitude of official organised religion.

Because it has so rarely been on the side of the weak and the oppressed, the under dog doesn't trust *them* very readily, and those who are fighting his battle don't readily trust them either. That is hard luck, but anyone can see how it happens.

Numbering the enemy

I was trying to tell the truth as I saw it in that little seaport town, but they weren't going to listen to me if I said it in a church. That is the whole point.

"When I am going to make a step forward on behalf of my men," said an industrial leader in my hearing, "and I sit down to reckon up the forces for and against me, I always set down the Churches on the wrong side." It was so in the beginning; it is so now; but must it be so "world without end, Amen"?

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

SIR,—I am sorry your Department did not see its way to sanction the pleasing proposal of the West Ham guardians to give a shilling Christmas-box to kiddies whose parents were in receipt of outdoor relief. It would have cost so little to give this touch of happiness to children with whom life has dealt so hardly, and I cannot help thinking that a great opportunity of practical kindness was missed. JOHN BULL.

To Rt. Hon. Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS, M.P. Secretary of State for War.

SIR,—It is not playing the game to give out military contracts to private firms while arsenal workers at Woolwich and elsewhere are on short-time or out of employment. The excuses you have so far given for this injurious policy carry no conviction, there being no suggestion of any saving to the taxpayer. Naturally the men affected are up in arms, and they certainly have my sympathy. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MacDONALD, M.P., Upper Frognal Lodge, Frognal, N.W.

SIR,—In regard to our commitments in Mesopotamia you have struck the right note. The occupation of Mosul is certain to be a never-ending source of trouble between Great Britain and Turkey, and at any moment we may find ourselves face to face with a first-class crisis in which, as you say, "both our purse and our Army will be drawn upon." A wise and timely warning. JOHN BULL.

To Lord GREY OF FALLODEN, President, League of Nations Union.

DEAR SIR,—You wish to see the spirit of Locarno bear fruit in the reduction of armaments. Europe remains a great powder-magazine, and you foresee that people will not feel comfortable simply because the various Governments have agreed not to put a match to it. You want to see the magazine removed. So do I. There is absolutely no other way to ensure the peace of the world. It is fitting at this season of the year that we should all be made to think of it. JOHN BULL.

To TREVELYAN THOMSON, Esq., M.P., House of Commons, S.W.

SIR,—I am glad to see your appeal for "a great crusade against the slums," and I hope that the Government's cool reception of your proposals will not damp your enthusiasm. The moment you transfer your housing campaign from the House of Commons to the country you will be made aware of the intense public feeling that exists on this question. JOHN BULL.

To Major W. H. WHITEHOUSE, Coroner, Lewisham, S.E.

SIR,—Your flippancy about "hanging in comfort" was altogether out of place at the inquest on Henry Dyer, a twenty-year-old lad, who, after twelve months' unemployment and the exhaustion of the "dole," committed suicide out of sheer despair. If you could not find anything better to say than this it would have been better to say nothing. There was no excuse for levity. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, Secretary, Transport Workers Union.

SIR,—In your evidence before the Coal Commission you justly maintained the right of the transport worker to be treated as a human being and not simply as a locomotive machine. No doubt it would simplify matters if men were content to work round the clock whenever it happened to suit the employers' book, but in demanding security of employment as the price of willing labour you are justified on every ground of humanity and justice. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. and Mrs. HENRY DREW, Pound Bank, Malvern.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Hearty congratulations on the celebration of the seventy-first anniversary of your marriage. You are ninety-four and ninety-one years of age respectively, and with children and grandchildren around you have lived in the same house more than half a century. Such lives as yours are largely unsung; nevertheless, it is upon such conjugal fidelity that Britain's reputation for home life rests. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ROBERT STOUT, Chief Justice, Wellington, N.Z.

DEAR SIR,—In retiring from your office you voiced the opinion that one of the greatest problems confronting the world to-day is the number of people who are poor intellectually. You do not think the world can be saved by the sword, but you are sure the great hope for the world lies in justice. This, coming from a man who has worked in the world for seventy years—you began at twelve—is judgment born of experience. I trust the world will heed it. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, Marlow, Bucks.

DEAR SIR,—In a break-up address to the boys of St. Marylebone Grammar School, as a traveller from a long journey homeward bound to those just setting out, you warned them that "getting rich is a mug's game," while the things most worth having—music, books, scenery, sport, friendship and love—may be had for little or no expenditure of money. You are right. I am glad to see someone courageous enough to put such ideals before the coming generation. JOHN BULL.

To F. W. IBBETT, Esq., Director of Education, Bournemouth.

DEAR SIR,—I am disturbed by your report on the lack of interest displayed in evening classes. The children, especially girls, who have left school will not engage in any form of work or effort that does not leave their evenings entirely free for "gadding." The remedy is a general strengthening up of the whole moral fibre of the nation, an example first being set by the older generation. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. LEWIS BURTT, Hoxton Market Mission.

DEAR SIR,—I give you my heartfelt condolence on the death of your brother John. The late Mr. Burtt was affectionately known to everybody as the "Bishop of Hoxton Market." From a small beginning, in what time you and he could spare from your work of saddlery, you built up the mission, now the centre of social life in a desperately poor neighbourhood, with an institute recently built at a cost of £7,000. That you and your brother were in childhood taken from the streets and taught in one of the ragged schools shows the untold value of such work. JOHN BULL.

THE ROBBERS AND THE BABES!

Straight from the Shoulder

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND:—"Among the services I render is explaining to the men the disastrous course on which they are being led by their leaders."

At the rate of £200 a day none of your service is very disinterested.

SIR ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND:—"The misery suffered from unemployment is perfectly appalling, but it is calamitous to generalise from particular cases of suffering."

An un-Christian conclusion. The misery of one unemployed family is an epitome of the rest.

DEAN INGE:—"We shall be driven in time to devote to our own species some fraction of the care and science which we bestow upon our live stock."

If the Church had done her duty we should have been led there years ago without waiting to be driven.

SIR W. DAVIDSON, M.P.:—"Our Treasury are not people very easily fooled."

But expert in fooling other people, as the scandal of the air-raid victims testified.

MR. KIRKWOOD:—"We have never had such a Government of frauds and knaves as those who now sit on the Front Bench."

Coarse invective, the resource of those unable to oppose with convincing arguments.

Without Fear or Favour

OUR EIGHT DEMANDS

Abolish the Slums

IT used to be boasted that the British Empire was a domain on which the sun never set. But side by side with this proud fact is another which ought to make us ashamed.

There are mean streets in our cities on which the sun never rises. The shame of the nation is the slums.

There is scarcely a city in the kingdom without its fringe of broken-down hovels in which men, women and children dwell under conditions that make innocence an impossibility, morality and cleanliness a miracle.

There are streets in every town which no decent citizen can traverse without holding his nose. The slums stink to heaven.

If at this season of good resolutions the Government and the civic authorities would make up their minds to wage war on the slums, to open a relentless campaign against dirt and disease, the result would be a new lease of life and happiness for the people.

It would cost money, but the cost of destroying the slums can never be as heavy as the cost of their continued existence.

It is sheer spendthrift folly to pour out money on public health services while within a stone's-throw of our hospitals and clinics we maintain these breeding-grounds of disease.

No vested interest, no privileged monopoly, should be allowed to stand in the way of slum clearances.

The primary purpose of the land is to provide a decent foothold for the people. It is a crime that new housing schemes should be crippled for sheer lack of space. The landowner must not be permitted to blackmail the community.

The war on the slums will be a crusade against vice, sickness and despair. No more urgent task confronts the nation.

Risks Girls Run

THE evil stench of the Hayley Morriss case will remain for some time. It has served as a painful reminder of the terrible risks which are run by girls who, while little more than children, are compelled to earn their own living.

The law does nothing to protect these young girls from the snares laid for them in the guise of employment.

The pretext of "domestic service" may be used by a degenerate like Morriss for the vilest purposes, and the law cannot step in till irreparable mischief has been done.

Clearly this state of affairs ought not to be allowed to continue. It would be a simple matter to enact that anyone desiring to employ a resident servant under sixteen years of age should be required to give notice of his intention to the nearest municipal authority or to the police, and to obtain a permit authorising such employment.

Without such a safeguard no child should be allowed to "sleep in" at an employer's residence away from the parents' supervision.

This seems to be the practical lesson of a case which is among the worst memories of the closing year.

Ginger for the Government

THE Government faces another twelve months of office. What will it do with them? Unless it replaces apathy with action and hypocrisy with sincere endeavour, it will meet with a heavy reckoning at the hands of a disillusioned electorate

IN common with nearly everybody else we propose to make a New Year's resolution. It is that we shall redouble our pressure on the politicians in a strenuous endeavour to get something done.

We can give the politicians thoughts—but we cannot make them think. That is, apparently, an impossibility.

We can, however, administer ginger in large doses, and we shall not fail to do so. If Parliament continues to slumber in cynical apathy when it should be moving heaven and earth to redress wrong and bring a little sweetness and humanity into the New Year, it will be no fault of ours.

The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P. Prime Minister

We demand that the deliberate policy of flouting the declared will of the electorate shall cease.

Little by little, under the elastic title of "safeguarding," a complete system of tariffs is being built up. *If the Government wishes to go back on its declared pledges, let it do the straight and honourable thing. Let it go to the country and ask the people if they have changed their minds.*

We demand that unemployment shall be recognised for the tragedy it is, and that a sincere and whole-hearted effort shall be made to end an intolerable situation.

WE are tired of the dishonourable attempt to prove that unemployment is decreasing when the steadily increasing figures of those thrown on to poor relief give this casuistry the lie direct.

We demand that the housing of the people be tackled in earnest, that Party intrigue give place to a united effort to house the people like human beings instead of herding them like cattle.

We demand that the Government itself—and not any powerless substitute—shall tackle in earnest the question of profiteering in the people's food. Rampant during the war, it is still unchecked, and no Government can evade its responsibility in the matter.

We demand that the Government shall economise, and stop merely talking about economy, and that it shall also stop throwing dust in our eyes by "economies" that are nothing but further extravagances.

The intolerable burdens on industry and on the individual could be lightened by a stroke of the pen if the Cabinet contained a single man with sufficient pluck to stand up to the brass hats of the War Office and the Admiralty.

We demand that questions of the land shall be dealt with, and that what belongs to the people shall be given back to them. There is nothing that would solve our troubles quicker than a Government sufficiently courageous to battle with the vested interests on behalf of the people who put it in office.

We demand that the Government shall return to the spirit in which the Armistice left the world, and that it shall cease this grovelling in the dirty sewers of secret diplomacy and have the courage to let the people know what it is doing in their name.

Mosul is a blinding light on the questionable methods now being pursued. Let there be no more of it.

"NOTHING in this country," said Mr. Baldwin the other day, "is satisfactory." And this after nearly twelve months of office with a majority that enables him to do exactly what he will.

Did ever a Prime Minister utter a more severe condemnation on himself and his Government?

We demand that Mr. Baldwin shall do a little heart-searching, and make up his mind that in the New Year his pious aspirations shall give way to concrete and forceful acts.

Royalties and Rights

BECAUSE coal happens to have been found beneath the land inherited from his ancestors the Duke of Northumberland is permitted to levy toll on the hard-pressed British mining industry to the tune of £75,000 a year.

The Marquis of Bute draws an annual £150,000, the Duke of Hamilton £115,000, while several other noblemen are doing almost as well.

These landowners contribute nothing to the venture of coal-mining. They risk neither their lives like the miners, nor their capital like the coal owners.

All they do is to allow the coal to be worked at someone else's risk, the bargain between the coal-owner and the royalty-owner being in the simple terms, "Heads I win, tails you lose."

The only defence the Duke of Northumberland can advance for this arrangement is that the royalty-owner is not the only partner in modern industrial enterprise who is getting something for nothing.

Where this argument is not irrelevant it is misleading. The fact which the duke entirely overlooks is that the business man who sinks capital in a coal-mine runs a heavy risk of loss, while the only uncertain thing in the duke's outlook is the precise extent of his gains.

By no moral right can the landowner claim to levy toll for ever on the product of the mines. The time has come when the State should impose a reasonable time limit, after which the value of minerals will be claimed for the community.

The fact that the Duke of Northumberland draws from British coal mines every year a sum equal to the annual wages of 440 miners shocks the public conscience.

To speak of moral rights in such a connection is an abuse of language. The miners' claim to a decent wage must come first.

Are We Sane?

THE Australian Royal Commission on Public Health recommends the Commonwealth Government to spend £30,000,000 a year on research into the causes of disease.

When will the Mother Country wake up to its responsibilities in this matter? In surgery, Great Britain has made enormous strides in recent years, but in pure medicine, in scientific research into the causes and cure of the great killing diseases, little or no progress is to be recorded.

Consumption still takes its cruel toll of youth; cancer claims an increasing number of victims. We seem as far off as ever from discovering a certain cure for the one or the cause of the other.

Exceedingly hopeful experiments are in progress, but the sober truth is that they are being starved for want of funds.

We can find money for new cruisers and naval bases, for aircraft and poison-gas, but we begrudge a few millions to make war on the germs that kill.

No wonder cynical philosophers sometimes enquire whether the human race has gone mad!

That Shocking Circular

by A. G. GARDINER

IN proposing to cut down grants for education, the Government has shown an example of unspeakable folly. Condemnation of this false economy has come from all quarters. It must not be allowed if Britain is to retain its place among the leading nations of the world

Mr. A. G. Gardiner

MUCH the most sinister thing which the present Government has done is the issue of Circular 1371. If there is one public interest in regard to which everybody who wants this country to prosper is agreed it is education. Education is power; it is power for the individual and power for the community.

The great mystery of human nature is this, that you may find the jewel of price anywhere, in the darkness of any slum, in the solitude of any countryside.

That boy at the plough-tail is the singer of immortal songs, the inspiration of the soul of a people; that child playing with toys has in him a creative vision destined to discover a power which will change the whole face of society, enabling men to travel in an hour distances that used to occupy days.

Education is the instrument by which we discover the jewel. The more careful a people is about its education the more jewels it has for its enrichment, the more it enlarges its source of power. Show me an illiterate people and I will show you an impoverished people, a backward state, a feeble power.

The world's beacon-light

What is the secret of the poverty and misery of Russia that has culminated in the catastrophe which is now imperilling the world? It is to be found in the fact that it was kept in darkness and ignorance—80 per cent. illiterates—until the dam burst and the whole social structure was swept away.

Compare ignorant Portugal and its wretched condition with educated Holland or Denmark with its prosperous and enlightened people. Yet four centuries ago Portugal was a great Power in the van of progress. But it left its people in darkness and it has sunk into nothingness.

Take the case of Scotland. What is it that has made Scotsmen the most astonishingly successful people in the world? A small population, a poor country, yet everywhere triumphant.

The explanation is to be found in the fact that Scotland discovered that knowledge is power two centuries before we discovered it. John Knox and the parish school made Scotland a beacon-light to the world.

Citizens good and bad

We shall not understand the meaning of education until we realise that it is the foundation of national greatness and natural stability, and that the money spent on it is money spent on cultivating the resources that alone can make us rich, powerful and secure.

And this great national interest is the direction, the only direction, in which the Government proposes to economise. It light-heartedly sinks millions in the mud of Singapore.

With a Navy so predominant that it could overwhelm all the navies of Europe, it launches a programme of new ships that will cost the nation more than fifty million sterling. It expends in armaments twice what was spent when Germany was the menace of Europe.

Side by side with this colossal wastefulness on destructive agents which, if there is any meaning in Locarno, have become less necessary than they have ever been, it proposes to make the children go short. It even proposes to take it out of the babies.

Nothing in the new scheme outlined in Circular 1371 is more deplorable, more heartless, more base, more reactionary, than the decision to cut off the allowance for children under five. The slum child is to be shut out from the school and sent back into the gutter.

No one needs to be told that the earliest years are the most impressionable years. The lessons first learned are the most enduring lessons. If they are good lessons—lessons of habit, behaviour, discipline—you have created a good citizen; if they are bad lessons you have created a bad citizen.

Cheese-paring folly

What are the lessons of the gutter? Ask any teacher, says a writer in *Education*, what are the favourite games of the slum child who comes to school for the first time at five, and you will hear that among the most quotable (there are others too filthy to mention) are "laying out the dead," "being fathers and mothers"—with unspeakable invective—and "being drunk."

From these horrible lessons the child in the nursery school is redeemed. It is given wholesome tastes and discipline; its imagination is developed, it is encouraged to play games that awaken its better instincts and suppress its lower instincts; it is started on the road to becoming a good citizen.

And now this priceless work of redemption is to be stopped. The slum child of three or four is to be sent back to play on the kerb, to catch pneumonia, to be kicked and cuffed by a harassed mother in a miserable tenement, and when, with these wasted years behind it, it is allowed to enter the school it has been poisoned by habits, ideas and influences that will remain with it for life. And this in the name of "economy"!

Could human ingenuity conceive any waste so disastrous? For the only true wealth is life and the quality of the life of our children is the assurance of the future. The money we save at the expense of the babies will be money lost not once, but thrice and ten times over.

What we save on schools we shall spend again and again on prisons, reformatories, sanatoria and all the accompaniments of the starved and the wasted lives which this cheese-paring folly will give us.

I do not speak of the burden of the mothers, multitudes of whom have to work in the factory and who have to make the choice between giving up their work and leaving their children unattended or in the hands of careless or incompetent neighbours.

Nor is it necessary to dwell upon the hardship of the teachers, who, instead of having children come to them trained and disciplined in the nursery schools, have children of five who have had three years of the training of the gutter that takes years to eradicate, even if it is eradicable.

I have dwelt upon this phase of the new policy not because it is the most important, but because it shows the spirit of that policy in its most flagrant and reactionary form.

There may be something to be said for revising the percentage grant, but there is nothing to be said for substituting the block grant and stopping the whole educational development of the country in the name of economy.

An insult to the nation

I believe that of all the 800 millions of money the nation is spending that which we spend on the children, on endowing the men and women of the future with keen minds, clean thoughts and healthy bodies, is the most beneficent, the most productive, the most worthy of us as a great people.

I rejoice at the unanimity with which Circular 1371 has been condemned. It should be withdrawn. It is an insult to the nation and a blot on the Government that has produced it.

The Great F

Profiteers wax fat while men lose their lives in the mine and on the sea for scandalous wages

THERE is a kinship, in daily exposure to peril, between the miners and the fishermen of England. As in the case of coal, there is a baffling discrepancy in the case of fish between the price paid by the domestic consumer and that paid to the men who risk their lives in getting it.

Lord Bradbury, Chairman of the Food Council

Take, for instance, the price of herrings. The housewife pays 6d. per pound. The fisherman has been selling them to the London wholesalers at the rate of one penny for two pounds! Shrimps are commonly retailed at 6d. a pint. The Thames fishermen are paid 8s. a bushel, out of which they have to pay carriage, which brings their earnings down to 6s., or little more than a penny a pint!

These wonderful differences are mysteries which the Food Council might usefully investigate.

The fishermen—think of *them* in this rough and bitter winter weather! Day or night, out they go, in the teeth of the tempest, the scream of the south-west gales, the whistling sleet and snow, the mist and fog of the shadow of death.

If the weather is so terrible that they are utterly unable to sail, there is no wage at all. If they face the storm, they run the hazard of losing the boats and gear which are their sole means of life, or of losing life itself.

The annals of war record no greater pluck. To "leap over the top" into the hail of shot demands high courage and nerve; but to go out into the rolling crests and hissing pits of a storm-tossed sea on a black and wintry night—two or three men in a frail cockle-shell of a boat—that involves a fortitude perhaps even more sturdy.

IN the course of a holiday on the East Coast, I saw such a boat sail out one rough night into the shrieking wind and seething hell-broth of the dark North Sea. "Rough night," cried the watchman on the quay. "Ay, ay," replied the gruff voice from below, and the boat was gone.

"They'll see worse before they see home again."

Poultry Yard Morals

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

IT is right that the people should have a share in the government of the country. It must be recognised, however, that with the holding of position grave responsibility is entailed. Law and order must be preserved and the decencies of life must be safeguarded

A FAMOUS city on the Continent, in preparing for an annual fête, has issued a police manifesto which, according to an English newspaper correspondent, has set everybody laughing. It is described as a "kill-joy" law. The city, he says, is asking itself "whether it is supposed to be celebrating a fête of thanksgiving or observing a day of national mourning."

Here is the particular police regulation which is described as a "kill-joy" law: "It is forbidden to kiss a woman or a young girl by surprise on the face in the streets, or to chase them into side alleys or take them round the waist—reprehensible acts against which public opinion protests."

This matter is worth thinking about, for it raises a general question of extreme importance. The question I speak of may be expressed in a simple phrase: "Is the public life of a nation to be governed by its best people or by its second-rate people?"

No one suggests, of course, that a nation should be ruled by its worst elements—its criminals, its mentally deficient, and its illiterate—but the suggestion is constantly being made that the second-rate people are those who ought to rule. That is really a much more serious matter than it may seem at a first glance.

Respect for law ridiculed

Consider the police regulation which is described as a "kill-joy" law. No man of education and refinement, no man of common decency, would like to see his wife forcibly seized round the waist by any hiccupping toss-pot who took it into his fuddled head to kiss her; or to see his daughters chased about the streets by a gang of riotous young hooligans out for a spree. Such a matter does not admit of debate. It is self-evident.

But since the newspaper correspondent has taken the view he does, and a London newspaper publishes it as a "Kill-Joy Fête Law," we are obliged to conclude that opinions held by people of refinement and common decency are no longer taken for granted as those which should rule public life. Such people are denounced as "kill-joys," and held up to ridicule as "high-brows."

A mob of miseducated people, rejoicing in their low-brows and their animal notions of joy, are not only laughing at refinement and decency, but asserting their right to set the fashions of social existence.

This assertion is now so constantly made in popular newspapers that he is a fool who could ignore it; and as I see the matter, unless these second-rate people are fought, they will certainly capture one of the key-positions of human progress.

Democracy and morality

Let me explain what I mean. Democracy is a theory. It is a very recent theory in history, and no man deeply acquainted with history would say confidently that democratic government is going to last. It is a theory, as we all know, with which the Bolshevists will have nothing to do. Every Communist laughs it to scorn.

Socialism, it is plain, could only accept the democratic principle with modifications which would gravely imperil personal liberty. Mussolini in Italy, and Primo de Rivera in Spain, are acting as if democracy were an evil and not a good.

Who, then, will boldly say that democracy is a triumphant success, and that every nation is fit to govern itself?

Abraham Lincoln, a democrat to his heart's core, never said that every nation is fit to govern itself. On the contrary, he warned his countrymen that democracy relied for its success on a vigorous conscience in the individual citizen.

Only in countries of a certain moral standard could the democratic principle operate, and there only if the individual citizen took a constant, moral, and intelligent interest in the work of government.

Is it not plain that, without this moral and intelligent conscientiousness, the ballot-box could bring evil to the top, or crass stupidity? Is it

Abraham Lincoln, the great Apostle of Liberty

not plain that without this moral and intelligent conscientiousness in the individual citizen *the best is never likely to come to the top?*

If democracy is to be regarded as the charter of mediocrity, well and good; but if it is meant to secure the best government for a nation, then that nation must seriously want the best government.

This is plain. But is it equally plain that people who speak contemptuously of "kill-joys," and who derisively describe every person who makes a rational use of his intelligence as a "high-brow," are rotting the foundations of democracy and inviting tyranny to enslave us?

These people would do away with moral striving. They would abolish intellectual effort. They would destroy religious aspiration. Their idea is that life, hitherto regarded as an evolution to higher things, is a prolonged game of "kiss-in-the-ring," which can best be played in the present light of knowledge to a fox-trot of negro origin.

Dangerous elements

To chase women about the street is a form of "thanksgiving." Not to chase women about the street is a form of "national mourning."

I recommend those of my readers who take democracy seriously, and realise its perils, to neglect no opportunity of denouncing these gibbering low-brows who would drag human progress back to the jungle, and who would rather link arms with an *apache* than bow their knee for a moment in the temples of God.

These people, however innocent or contemptible they may seem, are dangerous elements in our midst. They are the enemies of all that makes life high and holy; they are the enemies of that impulse in the soul towards truth, beauty and goodness, without which humanity must fail in its progress to a better life.

We make a profound mistake in underrating the powers of these second-rate people to work us a mischief. Look at the theatre, and you will see that nine entertainments out of ten are provided for the flippant, the sexual, and the fool.

Look at the daily newspaper, and you will see that the space given to serious matters tends to become less and less. Look at the recreations of the rich, and you will find that nearly all of them are of an unintellectual nature.

The crime of silence

And look at those quarters from which you would expect a censure of such second-rateness to come, the Church and the Universities; there you will find silence and inactivity.

The consequence is that the police tolerate immorality of the most horrible order, the Church holds a discreet silence in the face of ostentatious luxury, and the Universities utter no word of censure concerning the degradation of taste and manners on the part of the miseducated mob.

An old proverb says that when the rich man laughs the devil laughs too, but that when the rich man weeps the devil also weeps. Certainly if everybody is laughing at common decency and ordinary refinement, the devil can rest on his oars, for the universe was never made to echo such laughter.

Fish Ramp

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

said the watchman, turning to me. "There's queer weather to be found on the Dogger Bank in an eight weeks' trawling. I mind me of 360 drowned in one March gale, and upwards of 200 lost one Christmas night.

"Then there's always the risk of collisions in the fog, men washed overboard, or crippled in the small boat when they put out, when the steamer comes in the night for the fish."

I ASKED what was their pay. "Eight or nine shillings a day," was the answer. I expressed surprise that men could be induced to face such hardship and danger at the price. "They're better off than them as waits ashore all winter and can't get a job," was the watchman's retort; "there's always plenty waiting to take t'place o' them as has a job."

I ventured the opinion that the pay was shameful. "Happen it is," said the watchman, "and happen the shame is not so much the men's as yours." "Mine?" I asked. "Ay," said the watchman, "and all you who buy and eat fish."

"But we don't regulate the wages," I pleaded; "if we paid twice as much, the men wouldn't get the money." "Nay," said the watchman, "I don't know. We look to you clever people in London to settle these things."

We clever people pay the price that is asked, but who gets the money? Not the fishermen!

The boat whose departure I watched that night was misled by the lights of a disabled vessel, and backed on to the dangerous North sands whose floor is thickly strewn with wrecks. After hours of anxious struggle they were rescued by the lifeboat.

A few nights later a trawler was driven ashore in a gale and her crew saved by the rocket apparatus. Two or three nights after a Lowestoft smack was run down by a Norwegian barque and the skipper and mate were drowned; the one left a wife and four children, the other a wife and nine!

THESE things are happening nightly round our coasts at this "festive season"; they are too common to be reported. They don't happen to the Billingsgate wholesalers nor to any of the people connected with the trade except those who actually catch the fish. And they receive a penny for two pounds of herrings which are resold to our wives at 6d. a pound!

1926

A Good New Year's Resolution—

is to have a little luxury every weekend in the form of

MANIKIN
MILD
HAVANA FLAVOUR
CIGARS

THE SECRET SISTERHOOD

CUPID AND CRYSTALS

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

NOT the least mysterious part about the fortune-telling business is how the exponents manage to attract clients from far and wide without advertising. It seems to be one big secret sisterhood.

For instance, I was recommended to a fortune-teller at Wimbledon by somebody who lives at Hampstead. This "Witch" of Wimbledon is a Mrs. Manser, who lives in one of the side streets off the Merton High Street. She is typical of the thousands of fortune-tellers who pick up a livelihood in London suburbs.

Not only did she claim to me to have second sight, but she furthermore stated that she "hears things."

The value of all this can be understood at once when I mention that she also said: "I can tell at once whether people who come to me are trying to 'get at me.' I can tell whether they are from the police or anything like that."

I asked Mrs. Manser definitely: "Can you actually see anything in the crystal—I mean visions or figures?" and she replied:

"Yes! There are figures—of men, women and buildings—" and she described an old man with grey hair and bent back. "He seems very attached to you," she said, "and you may be sure that you will benefit from that direction."

I ought to mention that I took with me a companion, a lady, in order that she might be able to substantiate my experience, but I found that in this case, as in all the others, the fortune-teller insists on seeing each client alone, although towards the end of the sitting I refused to permit her to remain in another room which was cold and fireless.

Keeping romance alive

My friend's experience, therefore, is a separate matter. Mrs. Manser told her to exercise more will power, that she would become a widow and meet a divorced man next March who would propose to her.

At first it is difficult to see what is behind this dark prophecy. But if you study the secret sisterhood you become wise.

The idea of it is probably to maintain the romantic atmosphere—there is further love-making and the exhilaration of courtship for you.

One must bear in mind that these fortune-tellers are visited by endless numbers of girls and women who swallow these things as a baby swallows milk.

Mrs. Manser, for instance, told one of her clients that she didn't like the house in which her client was living. Whereupon Mrs. Manser exclaimed to me triumphantly: "She immediately began to look out for a new house and has moved. I got her letter about it yesterday."

Sydney A. Moseley

To young business girls they suggest, as this happened with one of the fortune-tellers I went to, that "you have been unsatisfactory in business, and you should look for some other job . . ." which suggestions played havoc with the girl's feelings towards her situation.

Nearly convinced

Mrs. Manser actually was on the way to impressing my lady friend. She told her knowingly and sympathetically that she had had considerable worries. "Now that was perfectly true," said my friend to me.

I pointed out that if she asked nine out of ten of her friends she would find that they all had had their troubles.

However, her belief in the fortune-teller fell to zero when I asked her the following fanciful questions:

"Do you see a fire station?"

Back shot the reply: "There—what did I tell you?"

She looked closely into the crystal. "Yes, this fire station—you must keep your eye on it and don't forget the mischief-maker—he may have something to do with the fire."

I suggested she might mean "arson," and she at once replied "Yes!"

"Do you see a big black man?" I remarked.

"There—didn't I say that I saw a very dark man—black—big—you know, bold and tall."

"You actually see him in the crystal?" I asked.

"Yes—there he is . . . . Sometimes I am able to show my clients things in the crystal themselves."

No! She couldn't let me see him. Only some clients were so fortunate.

Flabbergasted by this amazing piece of pantomime I ventured a further question.

"Can you see our casket of jewels which is lost?"

"Well, now," said the woman, in well-feigned astonishment. "I told you that I saw mischief about, and I can actually see a clutching hand . . ."

"Can you see a big place with various coloured things hanging up . . . ."

"As clear as daylight—I said I could see actual things . . . ." and the "medium" went on to describe what she saw by my suggested hint. "All sorts of colours—things hanging—many of them . . . ."

Finally, I asked whether she could see a relative of mine with one arm, and when she said that she could see this again I thought it was time to ring down the curtain.

Mischievous money-making

What shall we say about this fortune-teller of Wimbledon? Merely to dismiss the whole thing as inane drivel is not enough. There are Mrs. Mansers, as I have said, thickly scattered all over the country.

If the law is unable to touch her and the private fortune-teller, the only hope is to educate the myriads of women-folk who are taken in in this fashion by an exposure, as this series of articles has done.

The whole thing is a mixture of guesswork, conceit and deceit—a great hocus-pocus—a mischievous means of money-making.

The Spoiled Darlings

by THE RT. HON. CHRISTOPHER ADDISON *(formerly Minister of Munitions)*

THE Admiralty is an extravagant body. "My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty" have been the spoilt darlings of the Exchequer for so many years that they are quite "huffy" at some of the criticisms that have recently been levelled against them.

So, at least, it would appear from a recent speech of the First Lord. He must have been "egged on" to make it, for he is one of the most amiable of men.

In 1922 they managed to defy the Geddes Committee and get off with economies of about £5,000,000 instead of the £21,000,000 recommended. Now, they are on the up-grade again. Most of the recent criticisms have been directed against staff and such-like questions—as to which, if sound, and if all were effected, the result would be quite small.

IT is the big expenditure that counts. And it is here where the taxpayer can get relief.

Take the present programme for building cruisers and other ships. We are given figures of the probable cost of the programme, and £55,000,000 seems to be a moderate estimate!

How has this estimate been arrived at? Presumably after various office enquiries, based on the sort of prices that have been paid since the war; with, perhaps, a friendly consultation or two with actual or prospective contractors.

But Mr. Bridgeman said they had a costings department and that it had saved a lot of money. I can well believe this statement; but what has the saving been upon?

I REMEMBER that the cost accountants at the Ministry of Munitions saved us £20,000,000 in their first year on shell cases alone; and they are quite capable of costing a cruiser. Has this been done? Or is it proposed to do it?

If it has, it is to be hoped that their lordships' notions of the process have altered somewhat from former times. I am free to refer to a typical illustration of their disposition because the case has already been referred to.

We were buyers of cordite at the Ministry of Munitions like the Admiralty. At the beginning of 1916 we were paying 2s. 3d. per lb. Our experts said it was too much so we proposed an enquiry into cost.

But we were told that "my lords" were apprehensive that the cordial co-operation of the firms might be imperilled. They would be glad to receive a report of our enquiries, but it was "made clear" that they did not propose to re-open the question. Indeed, the contractors had already agreed to take 1d. per lb. off!

In effect our men said "Go to! We want more."

What was the result? An amicable agreement with the firm for a reduction of 7½d. per lb.!

THE consequence was that our cordite for the following year cost £3,900,000 less than it would have done if the former prices had held, a saving of rather more than £3,000,000 over what the Admiralty would have been satisfied with!

Judging from the results of the hundreds of cost enquiries carried out during the war, it is safe to say that we could count on the £55,000,000 of the new ship-building programme being reduced to £45,000,000 if the same processes were applied.

TRUTH ABOUT THE LIARS

by LORD GORELL, C.B.E.

ARE we a nation of liars? If we acknowledge the fact that truth in politics and honesty in business dealing should be the fundamental principle, admission must be made that deviation from truth is a national failure

RECENTLY in his Rectorial address to the students of Edinburgh University the Prime Minister devoted himself to an examination into truth and in particular into the difficulties which beset politicians, above all other men, in the employment of truth.

"Why is it," he asked, "when we turn to politics, a lower standard of habitual truthfulness is alleged to prevail than in the world of science or of business?"

Now there are a good many more sides to this question than were touched upon by Mr. Baldwin. He, naturally enough, confined himself to investigating the value and possibilities of truth in public affairs.

Incidentally it is to be noticed that formerly statesmen and politicians were classed together, though nowadays we call a public man a statesman only when we wish to praise him for high qualities of dignity or wisdom, and we commonly reserve for the word "politician" an innuendo of rather scornful criticism.

I do not propose in this article to follow Mr. Baldwin over his several reasons why it is so difficult for a man engaged in political life to remain habitually truthful.

A number of articles have already appeared on that, and most seem to agree that, as in the interests of the State, if he be in office, or of his Party, it is not always practicable, or at any rate expedient, for a politician to speak the truth, and as he has so many temptations in the "game" of politics either to exaggerate the agreeable or to gloss over the disagreeable, a different, that is, a low, standard of truth is all that can reasonably be expected.

All men are liars!

Certainly whether this be agreed or not, it is unfortunately generally acted upon, as anyone who listens to or reads political speeches knows.

But I want to look into this question of truth a little deeper. Is it the fact, as Mr. Baldwin has assumed, that the politician is in rather a special case? Are men of other professions habitually truthful in them, and are we influenced most by our love of truth or by our fear of the law?

When all is said and done, when one comes down to bedrock, is it not the fact that ninety-nine out of every hundred people, no matter what their professions, are governed in their speech and writings not by a strict love of truth, but by a general consideration of what it is expedient to say or write?

A deciding factor

Put more crudely, how many people are there who keep out of the forefront of their minds the thought, Will it pay?

Consider truth as it affects an artist; if he be a portrait-painter he nearly always flatters his sitter, because, if he does not, he runs the risk of losing his *clientele*; if, on the other hand, he be a landscape-painter he changes the view to suit his sense of design and still labels his picture as a definite view from Nature.

And the artist will categorically defend his departure from truth; art, he will say, is his business, not truth.

The scientist, on the contrary, is in general truth-loving, but why? Because he is dealing with facts and so are his rivals. He is testing, and so are they, specific problems of analysis and comparison, and it would be seriously to his disadvantage (as he knows quite well) if he were to exaggerate or conceal. Not so the politician, hence his dubious reputation.

With the business man the problem is not quite so precise. It is, of course, undeniable that, as Mr. Baldwin remarked, "honesty is proverbially the best policy in business," and so normally one meets with it.

But a publisher will blandly put on the wrapper of his latest novel a eulogy that would be absurd if applied to a Jane Austen or a Dickens; not being an idiot, he knows it is exaggeration, but he hopes it will serve to attract readers. And so in every profession, trade and manufacture.

Near the border-line

Competition, that is what is given as the justification; a man must somehow get people's attention away from his rival's wares and on to his own. But, examined in the cold and strict light of truth, can it always be said to be honest?

The answer, no doubt, is that it is a generally accepted custom and so does no real harm; but the question raises that whole mass of actions and words which are, so to speak, on the border-line—that is, which are impossible to justify on a strict moral basis and yet are perfectly all right legally.

We are a great nation for law; but often enough it seems as if we were governed far too much in our general conduct as citizens by our consideration rather of what is legal than of what is just or kind!

A man may be technically honest and actually a detestable robber; he may have kept with clever accuracy just on the right side of the law and yet have been the cause of loss or even ruin to many.

Two kinds of murder

There is no law, for instance, against cornering wheat, and from time to time men have tried to do it, but it is as wicked an effort as can be imagined since a rise in the price of bread would be the basis of profit—and, also, starvation of thousands.

Again, there are continual cases of cruelty which the law cannot touch. If you beat a person to death you will be hanged, but you may nag him or her to self-destruction and go free and self-righteous all your days.

There are, in fact, two kinds of law—the law of Acts of Parliament, which the Courts of Justice and the whole power of the police will enforce, and the moral law which, whatever may be the ultimate judgment after life is ended, is not enforced by any human agency. How frequently we enforce the lower and ignore the higher law!

Suppose, for example, that in addition to our present courts trying offences against the precise enactments contained in the Statute-book we had also a moral court trying offences against—what? Humanity in general? That would be one of the difficulties, to formulate in words the laws with which such a court would have to deal.

To be of real use such a court would most certainly have to try offences hard to define—for instance, unkindness. The man who disinherited his son for marrying for love would be severely sentenced.

Lord Gorell, C.B.E.

Meanness, again, would be heavily penalised. I wonder what would be the penalty for one of the meanest frauds I know, that of the person who saves up his first Alexandra Day rose from year to year and wears it again and again to avoid the annual gift.

In certain cases it would be aggravated by the fact that the perpetrator was not ashamed of it, but rather made a boast to his acquaintances of his cleverness and also by the wealth of which he lived possessed, doubtless acquired as a direct consequence of such a trait in his character.

The crime of doing nothing

What a caustic summary of the prisoner there would be in passing sentence on offenders of this category untouchable by all our present laws and courts! No bones would be made in the moral court about pillorying such a rascal in the stocks at the very least.

Moreover, it would deal not only with people who offended in their actions but also with those whose offence consisted in doing nothing when they should have acted, those who turned the cold shoulder and the deaf ear, those who passed by, indifferently, on the other side, and thanked God they were not as the mass!

But how and by whom would the judges of this moral court be selected? Few of us, whatever our private opinion of bishops, would be content to see them appointed as final arbiters in such a court; to whom else could we turn?

The judges would, above all else, require to be both human and also impeccable; but these two requirements are mutually contradictory, for nothing is more certain, more firmly established as a matter of truth, than that to be human is to be full of faults. Who, then, as a judge could cast the first stone?

The world a better place

It is a great pity, for such a moral court as I have pictured would do much to remedy those injustices which the ordinary law cannot touch, to remove grievances and inequalities, and to punish coldness and hardness of heart.

It would help to make the world a happier and a gentler place, but I am afraid that there is no avoiding the conclusion that we shall each of us have to wait for it until we are brought before it by the angels.

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The Sentence of the Court

OIL AND EYEWASH!

Mesopotamian Madness

ADJUSTING his eye-glass and looking at the Court with pained surprise, Sir Austen Chamberlain diplomatically refused to commit himself when asked how he pleaded to a charge of inflicting wilful damage upon public property—to wit, a pledge given by the Government of which he is a member.

"Only a week or two ago," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "we were congratulating the accused upon his achievement at Locarno, but now his name is associated with the madness of Mosul.

"Sir Austen has announced that he 'accepts and welcomes' the decision which saddles us with Mosul and a mandate for Mesopotamia for a 'Kathleen Mavourneen' period—that is to say, 'It may be for years and it may be for ever'; yet we were definitely promised by the Government that our responsibility would come to an end in 1928.

"What is the reason for this shameless pledge-breaking? We are told that it is necessary to protect the Assyrian Christians from religious persecution, but, seeing that the average Briton's knowledge of the Assyrian is confined to the poetical assertion that once upon a time he 'came down like the wolf on the fold,' it seems distinctly 'thick' that over-burdened British taxpayers should be called upon to spend money and risk their lives in protecting him.

"Since the armistice Mesopotamia has cost us £150,000,000, and it looks as if our present expenditure of £4,000,000 a year may continue."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that only eight squadrons of aeroplanes were stationed in Mesopotamia and it was not anticipated that this force would need to be increased. We would not remain there longer than twenty-five years, and not as long if the country entered the League of Nations.

* * *

"IN a gentleman who has always made a somewhat Austentatious parade of his honesty, the attitude of the prisoner in regard to this matter is amazing," said Mr. Justice Bull. "No less amazing is the quaint idea that with eight squadrons of aeroplanes we can hold a mountainous country with an area of about 143,000 square miles.

"The conquest of Mesopotamia in the war necessitated a force of 889,000 men. In any case, if we could hold the place with a single gamekeeper armed with a pea-rifle, the violation of its pledged word by the Government would still remain inexcusable.

"Nobody is deceived by cant about our dear friends, the Assyrians, for on the troubled waters of financial intrigue which have always surrounded this question the eye sees a film of oil.

"It is upon the Mosul oil wells that the panjandrums of high (or low) finance have fixed their optics, and what would they care if we went to war with Turkey or the Euphrates was dyed red with British blood?

"It is for the oil magnates that the Government has broken its pledge and I deeply regret that the honoured name of Chamberlain should be associated with this political swindle.

"I must order that the prisoner shall have no relations whatever, either diplomatic or gastronomic, with Turkey throughout the present season of good cheer."

In Sunshine Ward

The Acme of Sacrifice

Dying That Others May Live

by PHILIP INMAN

YESTERDAY a telegram brought me a dreary day and a sleepless night. It told of the death of one of my closest friends.

As I read that tragic missive I thought of those nearest and dearest to him. I pictured the grief of a father and a mother who had been bereft of their only boy, and I remembered that the same blow had robbed another of her lover.

Julian Webb's father and mother had been married thirteen years when he was born. They never doubted that they would have a child and they even went so far as to carve his career for him. He would enter his father's business and carry on the old-established family trade, so his parents dreamed.

Whilst he was at school the lad became immersed in the intricacies of the chemical laboratory, and he made up his mind that he would become a doctor. From the first he showed brilliant promise.

During his student days I came in close contact with him. One incident I shall always remember. He called to tell me of his engagement, and his eyes shone with a new and strange light as he showed me the photograph of his girl.

With pride ringing in his voice he told me his ambition. He was to devote his life in trying to find a cure for that dreaded disease, cancer.

There is a restaurant in the West End of London which is the rendezvous of many medical students. A little over two years ago, three men might have been seen dining there. One was a doctor who had just returned on furlough from British Honduras; Julian Webb was another, and I was the third.

We listened almost spellbound to a graphic account of this fellow's work overseas. We were thrilled and fascinated by what we heard, and when I looked across at Webb I saw a change had come over him.

In spite of persuasions and protestations within a month Julian Webb was on his way to British Honduras. There he commenced his onslaught on the ramparts of disease. The last letter I had from him revealed the spirit of the man:—

"Many of my friends thought I was burying myself when I came here" he wrote, "but they were wrong. Somebody talks about 'an hour of glorious life.' I have had two years of it, and now I am coming home on furlough, but I shall ache until I'm back again."

A few days before Webb was to sail an epidemic broke out and in it his friend and colleague lost his life. Webb's parents received this cablegram: "Wilkins died yesterday. Must carry on his job. Will leave when possible." Three days later a second cablegram announced his death. In trying to arrest a raging fever he too had fallen a victim.

I wonder how the world will judge Julian Webb. He parted from home, from kith and kin, from friends. He forsook ease, comfort and social position. In the end he gave himself.

Is it worth while for a man to sacrifice his life in the pursuit of an ideal? I am labouring under a sudden sorrow, and I wonder?

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

The Old Year's gone and Time comes on
To show his New Year tricks!
A marvellous lot, he says he's got,
For Nineteen Twenty-six.

This new resolve we see evolve—
A scandalous, tho' bold, one;
But they are few who keep the new
Who never kept the old one!

Now is the time of Pantomime,
When this unfeeling joker
To you and me, with fiendish glee,
Applies the red-hot poker.

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STEPHEN DONDSERIE (The World-famous Racing Driver) Dressed by BARRY. (Photo by Peter C. Turnbull of Paramount Film Co.)

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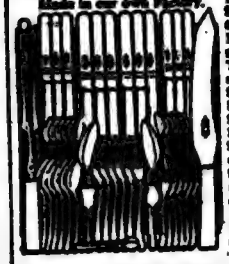
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Words Winged to Women

A DANGEROUS ROT

Poison of Petty Dishonesty

by **MABEL HORNER**

MISS E. WILKINSON, M.P. for East Middlesbrough, has introduced her first Bill. It seeks to enlarge opportunities for women, to so amend the Municipal Corporations Act as to make the appointment of women police compulsory on local authorities. It is significant that the Bill met no opposition in the Commons.

This is a sign of the times. Whether as barristers, solicitors, justices of the peace or police, the co-operation of women on the administrative side of the law is welcomed by all persons of intelligence.

But administrative work is for the few. The work of the vast majority lies in other directions—in workshop, office, factory, and home—and there is a national need that all these women too shall think definitely and constructively of the law.

All law is based on our human need for justice. It is designed to safeguard our individual lives and render secure the fabric of our social life. Laws may be good or bad, they may be indifferently administered, but without law, and the due observance of law, no organised society can hold together.

Disturbing portents

That is why the general flouting of the law at the present time is so disquieting. Crime is on the increase. It is true we can trace a diminution in the number of brutal outrages. So far as the dreadful crime of murder goes we compare very favourably with other nations.

But we are growing steadily less honest. Every day brings news of some fresh and daring burglary, and these, far from being the work of Continental gangs, are for the most part, judging from the cases brought to book, the work of British youth.

The poison of petty dishonesty is permeating society. The fine distinctions between right and wrong, the boasted national characteristic of fair play seems receding. Those who have the welfare of the nation at heart cannot view such signs without misgiving.

Remember the man who plans a big, sensational coup did not begin there; in all probability he was first a victim of this dry rot of small dishonesty which has been creeping over the country.

Miss Helena Normanton, Barrister, Britain's foremost woman lawyer

Scuttling the ship

Open any newspaper any day and read. Here at Kidderminster are five night-shift weavers being sent to prison for varying terms for bringing from their work stolen rugs and carpets.

The court is crowded with interested neighbours, for carpet-weaving is the staple industry of the place, and workers such as these are scuttling the ship on which the town's prosperity is sailing into harbour.

Take again the happening the other day on the top of Hindhead. A lorry laden with Christmas goods for the shops catches fire. The goods, such as can be saved, are thrown free on the roadside.

Common decency suggests that the frenzied driver shall be helped to save as much as possible of his load. But no; onlookers and goods rapidly disappear, an instance of barefaced thieving.

This lack of common honesty is not confined to class. In a West End Club a woman member leaves her writing to answer the telephone. Returning, her fountain pen has "disappeared."

A girl attends a convention of social workers and her brand-new gloves, left a moment on her seat, are quietly exchanged for an old and shabby pair. A woman caretaker of a woman's waiting-room at a place of worship finds brushes and soap disappear, while she does not care to accept responsibility for handbags and umbrellas.

Perhaps Mr. Travers Humphreys was right in defending a woman shoplifter when he said that even persons of "good character" were falling into the habit of picking up "unconsidered trifles."

In opening the Sussex Assizes Mr. Justice Avory suggested that growth of Communism and lessened fear of prison were responsible for increased crime. He must look deeper. During the war there was a great and awful loosening of the moral fibre everywhere.

The New Year gives fresh opportunity for a new start. Let all children be taught a rigid line of demarcation between right and wrong. Let women lead the way in setting better moral standards. Let us all remember that the foundation-stone of the whole structure of the law is strict honesty.

Shops That Should Be Closed

by **DR. MARIE STOPES** *(President of the Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress, Author of "Married Love")*

DR. STOPES is writing a series of articles on topics of vital interest to women. She invites correspondence, and readers' queries addressed to her at this office will be dealt with as speedily as possible if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

I HAVE been more than once to the chiefs of police in various districts to try to get them to stop abominable proceedings by various people, whose names and addresses I gave them.

Yet nothing has been done because the wording of the law against such nefarious practices makes it extremely difficult for justice to secure a conviction, and makes it very easy for those who prey upon the poor and ignorant to break the spirit while keeping the letter of the law.

There is one filthy little shop known to me (whose name and address I can give the Home Office if it can do anything in the matter) where, by misuse of my name, they lure people into the shop, and then sell them expensive pills purporting to be "abortifacients."

Many poor wretched women desire miscarriages and the clever way shopkeeper scoundrels dodge the technical offence for which the police could get convictions makes it a most arduous business to stop their practices.

HERE is a true case of a woman of the type they generally depend on for making their huge profits. This woman wrote to me direct. She said:

"I am only a poor woman; my husband is only a labourer and we have two children. The second came shortly after the first. It was a struggle, for we have not a house and pay 10s. a week for rooms. Then there is food and coal, so there is not much chance of warm clothing; but now, though my baby is only eighteen months old, I am nearly three months pregnant again.

"A friend offered to take me to a person who says that for £2 they can give me Dr. Stopes' treatment and I will be all right . . . but I think it is an illegal operation they mean . . . and I thought I would write to you and have it at first hand. What do you think?"

WHAT I think is hardly printable in JOHN BULL! Clearly there is a wicked misuse of my name, coupled with an extortionate charge for what is either a fraudulent pretence in the form of abortifacient pills, or an illegal operation.

Why don't the police stop it at once? Because we need a simpler law. At present it is necessary in order to trap these people that the purchase should be made by an actually pregnant woman.

If a police spy who is not pregnant goes to them and gets from them "something for herself" they have committed no crime; if she is actually pregnant she is then herself a criminal and would have to be placed in the dock!

Thus in many cases where immediate prosecution and prison ought to be the penalty, the hands of the police are tied.

Another such case as the one this woman wrote to me about was brought to my notice some months ago. I spent a lot of time over it and then had to give up my hope of ridding the world of the pestiferous creature involved.

Until the law-makers revise the present law in relation to abortion, the only way to stamp out these people is by public opinion and exposure, combined with the release of corrective knowledge.

The best way of educating the public is to have centres of clean information in every district. That can best be done by freeing birth-control knowledge in all ante-natal and other establishments run under the Ministry of Health.

ON the one hand, the Minister of Health could urge a revision of the law against abortionists and sellers of "abortifacients," and, on the other, he could cease his interference and no longer fetter the hands of doctors and nurses all over the country, many of whom are only too anxious to educate poor women in these matters, so that they will no longer be so gullible and easily victimised.

Full of Health and Fun

Merry and happy—full of energy and romping fun—every father and mother delights in this evidence of glorious health.

Health and energy are derived from the nourishment contained in food and from that source alone.

Growing children need a super-abundance of those food elements which promote growth and create energy—elements often lacking in the ordinary daily dietary.

Give your children "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage. For "Ovaltine" is *all* nourishment—health and energy-giving nourishment. It is scientific in conception and manufacture. This delicious combination of Nature's best foods presents in correct nutritive proportions, not only all the vitamins but every other element their little bodies need to build strong bones, straight limbs and sound muscles.

From malt, milk and eggs the nutritive elements are extracted, concentrated and rendered easy of digestion. One cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than three eggs.

Children love the delicious flavour of "Ovaltine." Make it their daily beverage. Note their increased energy and vitality and see on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health.

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P. 333

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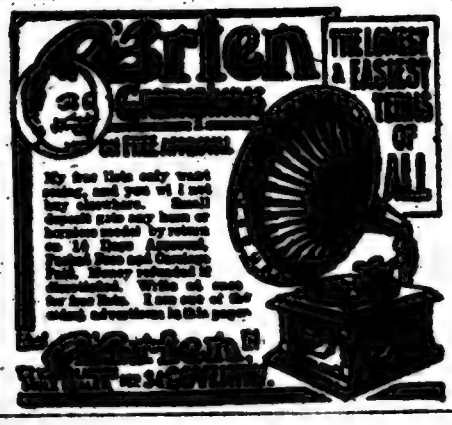

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Lobelline soon cured my cough!

"I owe you a thousand thanks for advising me to try Lobelline, for I really believe it saved my life! There is no doubt Lobelline is a marvellous remedy for coughs, colds and all chest and lung complaints. I always keep a bottle of Lobelline in the house ready to hand now." Lobelline acts like magic in all cases of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, influenza, etc.

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Human Documents

Retrieving the Past

Golden Silence—A Cruel Threat—Honesty Tried

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered by post. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"I HOPE you will be able to give me a little help and advice in the terrible position in which I find myself. I have often heard fellows say that once a man has left the straight path it is very difficult for him to get back to it, but I never thought I should realise for myself how terribly hard the way of transgressors is made by those who have no mercy for a wrongdoer, even when he is striving to retrieve the past.

"I am a disabled ex-soldier, and after a long period of unemployment, I obtained a situation as a collector. I must confess frankly that the alteration in my prospects turned my head a little.

"A good deal of money passed through my hands, and instead of living economically and trying to build up a secure position for myself, I foolishly tried to make as big a show as the other collectors, some of whom were not altogether desirable companions, with the result that I soon found it impossible to make my accounts balance, there being a shortage of about £10.

"It was inevitable that this shortage should be discovered, and I admitted my fault to my employer. I offered to refund the money, making a clean breast of everything, intending in the future to hold aloof from the extravagances and dissipation which had landed me in such a mess.

"TO my dismay, my employer refused to accept the money, insisting upon prosecuting me. In the end, the court proved more merciful than my master, for I was bound over under the First Offenders Act without being ordered to restore the money I had used.

"Of course I lost my job, but bearing in mind the kindly admonition of the magistrate, and his exhortation to go straight in the future, I wrote to my late employer, saying that I would refund the money in instalments as soon as I could get work.

"You may imagine my distress when, in reply, I received a letter calling me every hard name imaginable, and threatening to take proceedings in the county court to recover the money.

"On top of that, one of the other collectors informed me that my late employer had been making enquiries as to where I was seeking work, and had openly expressed the intention of acquainting anyone to whom I applied for a job with my lapse, and to do the same thing wherever I might go.

"NOW, 'Humanist,' I have been trying to make up as best I could for my lapse, and the knowledge that my late employer seems bent upon hanging my crime like a millstone round my neck is very disheartening.

"What hope is there of my being able to make good if I am to be for ever persecuted in this fashion? I should be so grateful if you could tell me of any way in which I can prevent this threat being held over me?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It is very disgraceful that your late employer should attempt in this way to defeat the purpose of the court in binding you over. His threat, however, is to a great extent futile. Having prosecuted you criminally, he cannot take civil proceedings against you, and the rest of his threat is so malicious that the law would take a very serious view of the matter if he attempted to carry it out. Consult the police-court missionary, who will, I am sure, prove a true friend to you.*

A Dead Secret

"A FRIEND of mine is on the verge of despair. Some time ago his wife died. She had, generally speaking, been an excellent wife and mother, and as her closest woman friend I knew how hard she had tried to make her husband happy.

"On her death-bed, after asking the children to leave her with their father, she confessed that she had once been unfaithful and that one of the children was not his own. Her husband thought she was delirious and tried to comfort her, but she insisted that her confession was true, and would have told him more if she had not lapsed into unconsciousness and died.

"After her death, my friend found some confirmation of her confession among the letters which she had left, and he is obsessed now with the idea of discovering which of the children is not his. It is pitiful to see him scan each little face in his efforts to solve the problem.

"Now, 'Humanist,' as I was in the dead woman's confidence, I know which child it is. The father's distress makes me feel so sorry for him that I feel sometimes I would like to enlighten him, but then again I am afraid that the child might suffer."

"HUMANIST" says: *Let it remain a dead secret. Point out to your friend that if his wife had completed her confession, she would probably have begged him to look after the little one for her sake, and urge him to do so.*

* * *

A Cure for a Cad

"I AM twenty-two years old and have been married fourteen months. I have done everything in my power to be a good wife, but have received in return only brutality.

"A few weeks ago my husband came home and removed all the furniture, with the exception of the bed and a few articles of my own, and left, saying he was tired of married life and wanted his freedom that he might enjoy himself.

"He sends me 15s. a week, which leaves little to live on after having paid the rent. I find he is living with his mother, but when I approached him he threatened if I took further steps that he would give up his work and I should, therefore, lose my allowance."

"HUMANIST" says: *Apply for a separation order with maintenance on the ground of your husband's desertion. The court will probably order him to pay more than 15s. weekly, and he can be sent to prison if he does not comply. Prison is, indeed, about the only cure for such a cad.*

"JOHN BULL'S"
GIFT TO YOU
Offer extended 15 days
See page 2

Better Off as Orphans

"FIVE years ago, my husband went abroad, promising to remit enough money for myself and our two children, and when he had saved enough to send for us to join him. "He did not keep either promise, and I have had to work my fingers to the bone all this time to provide for my little ones.

"Now I have discovered his address, and found that he is living with another woman, who has actually written to me asking me to divorce my husband.

"My husband has also written, asking the same thing, and telling me that he would like to have one of the children.

"I was horrified at the proposal, for he left me and his little ones to starve for five years, and it seems evident that he only wants one of the children now because he knows they are nearly old enough to work.

"I have no means to undertake divorce proceedings, and I wrote and refused to fall in with his wishes, telling him I thought the woman must be as heartless as he is, seeing that she admits she knew he had a wife and two children when she went to him.

"The only reply is that if I do not fall in with his suggestion, he will take both children from me. I have brought them up to believe that their father is dead, for I would rather work for them till I drop than allow them to go to such a home."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your husband appears to be such a worthless character that the best thing is to divorce him. Proceedings are rather difficult when one of the parties is residing abroad, but if you will explain the circumstances to the Secretary, Poor Persons' Department, Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, W.C.2, he will give you all possible assistance.*

* * *

Horoscope Horrors

"A friend of mine, seeing an advertisement in a Sunday paper, had her horoscope told, and since then she has been terribly depressed. I feel sure it is fear for the future. How can I relieve her mind?"

"Humanist" says: *People who profess to tell the future by the stars are mostly frauds and humbugs. One paper which publishes such advertisements recently told a correspondent in another column that "astrology is an exploded science."*

Lovely Woman!

"A few months ago I married in haste, and I am almost stunned by the revelation of my wife's true character. She tries her hardest to get me to strike her, and boldly declares that she only married me to get a separation order so that she can live comfortably with her parents on the maintenance. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says: *If you can prove what you say no magistrate would award heavy alimony, but it would be worth while paying to be rid of a woman capable of such dishonour.*

Office Treasure Trove

"While sweeping out the office I found a Treasury note between a desk and the wall. It could not have got there by accident, and I believe it was put there to tempt me. I left it there, and next day it had disappeared. I am wondering whether I acted right, for someone else may have taken it and yet I may be blamed."

"Humanist" says: *Act honestly and you cannot go wrong. If you find any more Treasury notes lying about, pick them up and take them to your employer.*

Pluck and Pie-crusts

Painful Broken Promises

NEW YEAR resolutions are rather out of fashion. Some refrain from making them because they are afraid of breaking them. They cannot bear the thought that they would be jeered at by cynical acquaintances, who will never tire of reminding them of the old proverb—"Promises are like pie-crusts, lightly made and easily broken."

Perhaps one reason that the cynics so often have occasion to jeer is that New Year resolutions are usually promises made to oneself.

It is easy for a man to relieve himself from a promise, the breaking of which involves no inconvenience or discomfort to anyone but himself. It is not so easy to break a promise when a man knows quite well that the happiness of others depends upon it being carried out.

Year by year since the terrible distress occasioned by the Great War brought into being our "Greatest of These—" Fund, we have appealed to our readers to make a resolution that each would make himself responsible for the comfort of a distressed family throughout the coming year.

Many have made such a resolution and kept it, but there are many more, we fear, whose interest has waned as the months have rolled by.

If any feel indisposed to make such a promise, fearing that it might not be kept, we urge them to have the pluck to enter into an undertaking with themselves, feeling sure that the knowledge that the breaking of that undertaking would bring others pain will sustain them in their resolution.

Your resolution earnestly made and faithfully kept would enable us to carry relief to many homes where despair sits by a cold fireside, and relieve us of the painful duty of having to express sympathy without accompanying it with practical help.

Make this the first of your New Year resolutions, and you will be able to go through the year more cheerfully in the knowledge that you are making others happy.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

M. Skeet, 1s. 6d.; H. E. G., 6d.; J. A. Hill, 1s.; H. Kelly, 6d.; G. Magowan, 1s.; An Old Army Man, 1s.; T. Sheppard, 6d.; A. E. Loban, 1s. 6d.; Medlock Street, 1s. 6d.; X. S., 5d.; A. C., 6d.; W. R. Macdonald, 1s.; W. J. Mullis, 2s. 6d.; A. B., 1s.; Mr. and Mrs. McKay, 2s. 6d.; My Hubby, Self and Two Children, 5s.; A New Reader, 2s. 6d.; L. C., 6d.; Very Thankful A., 1s.; A. J., 1s.; N. A., 1s. 6d.; W. H. D., 1s.; Ucalite, 1s.; Mrs. Brammer, 1s.; E. Dentler, 6d.; C. Keats, 1s.; A. Beagley, 7½d.; W. Snelling, 6d.; F. Cain, 1s.; W. J. Matthews, 2s. 6d.; My First Attempt and Win, 1s.; In Memory of Arthur at Ypres," 1s.; Beverley, 1s.; J. H. Brown, 6d.; A. Carr, 5s.; Mrs. M. C. Mast, parcel; South and Bill, 2s. 6d.; Dyson Jeaff, 2s. 6d.; L. E. Turner, 2s. 6d.; J. W. S. M., 6d.; T. B. M., 1s. 2d.; Hy. N. W., 10s.; H. B., 1s.; "General," 2s. 6d.; Woodman, 2s.; M. McLoughlin, 6d.; W. Burrage, 6d.; A. K., "Xmas Gift," £2; D. U. J. (Bournemouth), 2s.; R. Hopkins, 2s. 6d.; Jun-bids Jealun, 2s.; F. R., 2s.; Blackburn, 41s.; H. A., 1s.; W. C., £1; Anon., parcel; Mrs. Lees, parcel; J. M. (Scotland), parcel and 1s. 6d.

J. Carter, 1s. 6d.; J. Usher, 2s.; Anon., 4s.; N. H. Stanley, 2s.; L. V., 6d.; "Mellon Mowbray," 2s.; Mary Thompson, 5s.; Mrs. Pusso and Family, 2s.; Mrs. L. Hammond, £2, 2s.; E. Parkins, 1s.; Nottinghamshire Reader, 5s.; A. C. (Norwich), 1s. 6d.; Chapel Street, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Smiles, 5s.; M. Beckett, 2s.; Elf (Bacy), 1s.; H. M. M., 1s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; J. M. S., 6d.; E. Mowery, 2s.; Mrs. Clayton, 2s.; F. James, 2s.; A Sympathiser, 1s. 6d.; W. D. Colvin, 24 cents; Seasoning Street, 7s. 6d.; H. Orfeur, 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart 5s.; J. H. Bell, £1 1s.; W. Mackay, 6d.; H. Gunson, 6d.; G. H. Green, 1s.; Thankful Surrey, 1s. 6d.; Poor Grimbarine, 10s.; G. Asquith, 2s. 6d.; C.'s Ninth for Luck, 5s.; W. Fox, 5d.; T. Stratford Worboys, 2s. 6d.; Winning Ninth, F. D., 6d.; A. Thom, 1s.; B. Armitstead, 1s.; Chalford, 6d.; C. S., 5s.; A. Reader, 6d.; "Turkey Tom," 2s. 6d.; M. Sutcliffe, 2s. 6d.; "Sympathiser," 6d.; C. Booth, parcel; E. S., parcel; In memory of Dundie, parcel; Mrs. Kenner, parcel; Miss B. Moore, parcel; H. C. (Walthamstow), parcel; Mrs. Skirmer, parcel and 2s. 6d.; S. J. F., 2s.; Sagittarius, 1s. 6d.; E. H., 1s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; T. P., Double Ninth, 2s. 6d.; C. Boyd, 1s. 6d.; A. F., 5s.; Birmingham, 2s. 6d.; Odd Coppers, 2s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

HOW TO GET ON IN 1926

John Bull gives you some useful hints

WHAT YOU CAN BE

The School trains you to fill such posts as Director, Cost Accountant, Secretary, Auditor, Office Manager, Accountant or to pass such qualifying examinations as Accountancy, Secretarial, Banking, Insurance, Commercial, Matriculation and B. Com. Degree.

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Another year is beginning. At the end of it you can, if you like, be able to say "Goodbye for ever to routine work!"

My advice has helped more than 10,000 men out of the ranks of office workers to positions of responsibility and high salary.

I want to help you in the same way. No matter what your present office rank may be, I will show you how, by devoting a few hours weekly to postal training with the School of Accountancy, you can definitely set yourself on the road to business success and a comfortable income.

Write to me stating (1) your age, (2) your general education, (3) your business experience, and I will map out for you, free, a plan of campaign, and show how the school offers the quickest way of achieving your goal. Write now while your resolution is strong and don't hesitate to tell me any special difficulties that lie in your way.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

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These two students, who had had no previous experience on the road, were placed by the College with one of the largest food houses in this country, employing 300 salesmen.

One student has been with them for 9 months, and the other for only 4 months; yet, in the Sales Competition for the December Quarter, *these two men carried off the First and second prizes.*

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(1) You will be given the most complete and practical training in Salesmanship available to you, including Practical Demonstration Instruction.

(2) You will be trained to sell your services and be introduced to firms of repute.

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No one can do more for you—The Wallace Attwood College is not content to do less. The service it offers you is the result of training 20,000 people for business.

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28, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

Read what their Sales Manager writes to the College:—"You have certainly put up a pretty good record by giving us two salesmen, and both these walking off with one of the first prizes. We shall be requiring a number of salesmen in the New Year for London, Liverpool, Leicester, Birmingham, Southampton and Newcastle. I sincerely hope you will be able to push along a few more such men."

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FILL IN AND POST TO-DAY.

THE WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE,
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Please send me, free of charge, your 24 page illustrated book, "The Profession of Salesmanship."

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The moment you inhale Potter's Asthma Cure that maddening cough stops, your breathing becomes easy, your days are comfortable and you enjoy restful nights. The relief is immediate and extraordinary. Potter's Asthma Cure is free from opiates and does not cause headache. *It is wonderful for the Bronchitis of Children.* Of all medicine vendors 1/6, or post free 1/9 from Potter and Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

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IF SO, I want particularly to hear from you. I can train you quickly and privately BY POST, this winter, in your leisure time, to read the score at sight, handle your fingers at once; increase your speed and velocity—above all, I can make your hands and tone really beautiful, so that you shall make the piano sing!

I HAVE taught over 10,000 adult people to play brilliantly. Most of every kind. They were of all stages, from quite Advanced Players to absolute Beginners. Many had neglected their playing long years, or had given up study in despair. I taught them; I can teach you!

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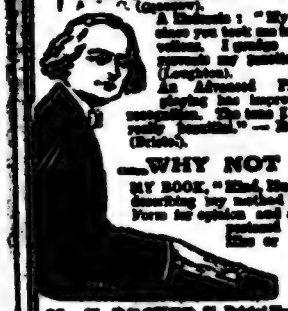
From a Beginner: "I feel practising a delight. Even mastering the notation was a pleasure."—H. F. C. (Exeter).

An Elementary: "Playing is no longer a dire exercising struggle, but a real pleasure."—Miss (Liverpool).

A Beginner: "My improvement since you took me in hand is past writing. I gladly certificate that supersede my position."—W. J. S. (Lancashire).

An Advanced Player: "My playing has improved beyond all recognition. The ease I can perform really beautiful."—Rev. F. T. B. (Bristol).



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Our Letter Parliament

The Patient Ass

Arabian Horrors—Film Folly—Property and Honour

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

The "Good Old Days"

In his article, "Who is the Lunatic?" "A Gentleman with a Duster" writes: "The present system worked well enough until the Socialist came on the scene." It did when the lord of the manor ruled the mind and body of the working man, but he is better educated to-day and has a mind of his own. Why mention a few leaders? The majority are fighting for a fair wage, moderate food prices and better housing conditions.—*W. D., Birmingham.*

Socialism's Cobwebs

A "Gentleman with a Duster" has knocked some cobwebs off the walls of Socialism this week, and I hope as a result that the average worker will realise that whoever rules he will have to labour, that his "leaders" are ambitious men with aims just as selfish as those of his present employers, that under "Socialism" he will not have so much freedom as at present, and that our present system of government still upholds the British Empire at the top.—*J. Balfour, London.*

Stagnate and Die

As a boy I worked twelve hours a day in the mine and never saw daylight at all during the winter months excepting at the end of the week. But agitation altered that, and has altered many other phases of life to the workman's benefit. The man who has studied industrial history during the last hundred years, or has had personal experience of the brutality of the present system, has no fear of a change in the social order. But he does fear stagnation, which is ultimately death.—*A. E., Durham.*

Britain Last

If Socialism was preached by men who had the good of their country, first and foremost, in their thoughts, instead of their own personal good ever uppermost in their minds, no doubt Socialism would receive, as it should deserve, more support than it does to-day. But the British working man who knows so many of these Socialistic politicians for what they are—tub-thumpers, axe-grinders, and pro every country but their own—is not deceived. —*Scotswoman, Elgin.*

The Right Method

"A Gentleman with a Duster" shows how little he knows about the position of the workers of this country, or he would not blame them for trying to get, by political action, what they have failed to get by any other means—that is, fair treatment and a fair share of the proceeds. —*A Miner, Resolven.*

Unemployed "Reds"

It is amongst the unemployed that extremist doctrines have made most headway. Since my demobilisation, I have had a long spell of unemployment. During this time I attended Communist meetings, and was rapidly becoming a pronounced "red." Since then I have secured work, and I can now calmly reflect, and see how narrowly I escaped becoming a traitor to the country I helped to save.—*G. MacD., Custom House.*

What Workers Want

Can "A Gentleman with a Duster" name one strike that enriched the leaders? Has the lunatic Socialist preached all the time that it is suicidal to depend on people overseas for 80 per cent. for our food? The worker wants economic security, and knows he will not get it until land and credit power belong to the workers. The present system has never worked well.—*P. D., Bournville.*

English and Arab Women

Lord Headley's statement that "Prostitution as we understand it is little seen in the East" is not my opinion. His lordship should visit the notorious Sister Street and Rue Cleopatra Alexandria Wagha El Birka of Cairo, and the off streets of Port Said. There he will find thousands of degraded, loathsome Arab women, living under conditions the average Britisher cannot imagine. I cannot understand how Lord Headley has the temerity to compare the life of an Englishwoman with that of an Arab woman.—*C. G., Wellington.*

Film Failure

The explanation of the failure of British films is quite clear. It is due to the crass stupidity and incompetence of promoters and producers, and the Federation of British Industries' plan for the prostitution of the cinemas must be stifled at once. If, instead of bleating for State protection, the British film industry will take the trouble to find the right men with the right ideas, our films will come to the forefront by force of merit alone.—*A. Crook, Ardwick.*

The Artful Chinee

Is not the limit reached when Chinamen are allowed to draw the "dole" at Poplar? They are too lazy to do honest toil and when they do exert themselves at all their efforts partake of a character that are dangerous to the community at large and subversive to morality. Dope-peddlers and ruiners of British womanhood, they are placed in the same category with honest British workmen. No wonder when they are installed here they are so anxious to make permanent residence in England.—*W. M. S., Hornsey.*

Criminal Waste

While taking a stroll through Hyde Park the other Sunday I observed wealthy women parading along with freakishly-dressed small dogs. Some of the dogs had expensive coats on and real skunk collars. I wonder if it ever occurs to these women that they spend more on these dogs than many poor mothers can spend on their children who cry out for an extra slice of bread.—*L. J. B., Croydon.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"MY POCKET LIBRARY":—"But she merely DROPPED BACK into her chair, and STOOD watching him as he wandered aimlessly about the room."

"LAWNS - MERCURY":—"The contracting parties recognise the necessity of a uniform WORKING DAY of FORTY-EIGHT hours."

"STAR":—"In the announcement which appeared last Tuesday, the PRICE of the FREE sample should have been given as 4d., not 6d."

"BOYS' MAGAZINE":—"He carefully locked the thick door, almost over-hung with IVORY, and put the key in his pocket."

"ADVENTURE":—"Mick's man NEVER MOVED, but he groaned, and his hand went up to his ear."

"WOMAN'S WORLD":—"Put a basin of WATER on a chair and fill it with warm WATER."

Tax Trials

An old lady, whose sole weekly income is the old-age pension, owns twenty £1 shares in a company. These bring in 11s. each half-year. Although no income tax is due, 5s. is deducted by the income-tax authorities, and the old lady has to fill up claims, etc., to regain her own money. She has now had to travel three miles to substantiate her claim, and is still unpaid, as they promise to forward cash by post. Is this high-handed proceeding justified?—*Vexed, Hove.*

A Fellow Feeling

As I was passing along the New Cut the other evening I was much struck by the following incident. A shell-shocked musician and his companion had finished their turn outside a public-house, and were making their way to their next house of call, when they spied an aged couple singing in the gutter. The musician stopped, and giving them some of his previous collection, passed on. It is, indeed, the poor that understand.—*A. G. B., Lambeth Road, London.*

Wives' Equal Chance

Why don't we have mixed clubs where the working man can take his wife if she wants to go? Boredom is the greatest of all causes of domestic unhappiness, but the woman has rarely anywhere to go for quiet recreation. I don't blame the married man for getting tired of his two rooms with the washing all round, and flying off to his club. But his wife ought to have an equal chance to vary the monotony, without drifting round the corner to the public-house as she too often does.—*Interested, Stockton.*

Too Early Closing

Shops are compelled by law to close at 8 p.m. Should they not also be compelled to remain open until that hour? I work late, and frequently cannot get out to do a bit of shopping until half-past seven or so, only to find, very often, that many shops have shut up because it is a cold or wet night, and there isn't much business doing. We know we can't shop after eight, but we should be able to be certain we could do so until that time.—*M. A., London, N.*

Sacredness of Property

The need for drastic revision of our penal laws has been well illustrated by two cases which have just ended. In the one, a case of robbery with violence, the judge was able to pass a sentence of seven years' penal servitude and twenty strokes of the cat on the prisoner. In the other (probably the most loathsome case on record), the judge deplored the fact that the statute fixed the maximum penalty for the offences committed at two years' hard labour. How much longer is private property to be counted above the honour of our children?—*W. S. Burton, Walker-on-Tyne.*

Proof Wanted

Mr. R. B. Suthers' question, "Should a Boss Tell?" digs right down at the root of the trouble between Capital and Labour. Whenever the workers are told that they must take lower wages, they think immediately that it is just a dodge to squeeze a little more out of them. If the employers would prove to their men in black and white that a reduction is necessary, they would at once remove suspicion, and gain the whole-hearted co-operation of their employees, for after all the British worker is very level-headed.—*J. W. Carter, Glos.*

KEEP YOUR WIRELESS SET IN "TUNE"

Osram Valves for Broadcasting

The G.E.C.—your guarantee

Radio Talks.

'Pick-&-Choose' Programmes

by Professor A. M. LOW, Fellow of the Radio Association

WHATEVER may be the result of the Broadcasting Commission, I think listeners can rest assured that before long some form of wireless set, however simple, will be an absolute necessity in every home.

The B.B.C. is now hoping to arrange for a few high-power stations rather than a large number of small sub-stations spread over the country, and by this means, when there is a sufficient gap in the different wavelengths, listeners will be able to choose their music, the educational talks, and their news.

At one provincial station of the B.B.C. no fewer than 7,600 letters are received every week, and of these 302 offer criticism, 125 ask for less dance music, 52 are not in favour of alternative programmes, and 39 object to any kind of "talk."

Even if we allow for the fact that jazz enthusiasts will seldom trouble to write a letter, it seems to show that the demand for useful information is growing, and it suggests that when the alternative-wave programme is established, we shall be able to take the first step towards an international language.

* * *

I NOTICE that regular communication has been established between stations within the Arctic circle and Pittsburg, U.S.A. It can only be a matter of time before a Polar expedition will be able to give nightly talks on progress and to describe the scenery and hardships with which they are surrounded.

Transmission could be effected from the Pole to Pittsburg, and then it could be retransmitted to a listening station in England and relayed to the B.B.C for simultaneous broadcasting.

With all long-distance work a certain amount of difficulty must be experienced at first, and when transmission is being undertaken by headquarters in London, it would greatly help the average amateur if a temporary breakdown could be announced.

In the case of valve sets a very useful addition is a small crystal outfit which can be made up for two or three shillings. If this is placed near the main receiving-set, so that it can be "hooked up" at a moment's notice, it forms a very convenient method of estimating the aerial efficiency and making sure that the fault is not elsewhere.

* * *

I THINK the public are becoming rather tired of the constant interference which takes place when distant stations are relayed by London and the provinces. If land lines cannot be obtained, much more stringent regulations will be necessary in connection with the interference produced by electrical machinery.

* * *

THIS year will be remarkable for radio discovery. Already comes the news of vast improvements in television and of receiving-sets which can be tucked away in the cellar and controlled by buttons placed in the room with the loud-speaker, without any other apparatus near by.

The Rotola Distance Control is a good example of household equipment, and I suppose we shall soon see houses advertised as "fitted with hot water, electric light, gas cooker, wireless, and every modern convenience."

Choose a

GECOPHONE

(Registered Trade Mark.)

2 Valve Flat Model

Loud Speaker range from main B.B.C. station 12/15 miles—100/150 on head-phones. Daventry range 75/100 miles.

Your Wireless Dealer will demonstrate!

PRICE £7-7- (with valves only).

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Standard 'Dragon' Model, A.R. 19 £5.5.0.

The Original Loud Speaker

THE AMPLION is made by the actual designers and manufacturers of the original Loud Speaking Telephone, and embodies the results of nearly 40 years' experimental research. Therefore, it has not been hastily devised to meet a sudden demand, but represents the highest degree of studied and proved perfection in Loud Speaker design.

AMPLION

THE WORLD'S STANDARD WIRELESS LOUD SPEAKER.

Justly famed For Better Radio Reproduction.

Demonstrations at AMPLION STOCKISTS, Radio Dealers, and the GRAHAM SHOW-ROOMS.

Patentees and Manufacturers:

ALFRED GRAHAM & CO.
CROFTON PARK, LONDON, S.E.4

Silvertown

10-Way Inductance or Capacity Switch.

(*Patent 206245*)

This switch is of the under panel mounting type, and is fitted to the panel by means of the two counter-sunk screws supplied. It enables the experimenter to build up large capacities and is an invaluable addition to any set.

PRICE 5/6 each.

Sold by all leading Wireless Stores.

THE SILVERTOWN COMPANY
106, Cannon St., London, E.C.4

Banishes Chilblains

When toes, fingers or ear-tips burn and itch, gently massage them with Musterole.

Musterole's tingling warmth, derived from oil of mustard, quickly restores circulation. A clean, white ointment, Musterole has all the virtues of the old-fashioned mustard plaster, without its blister.

Use Musterole for aches and sprains, bruises, rheumatism, lumbago, sore throats, coughs and colds. (It often prevents pneumonia.)

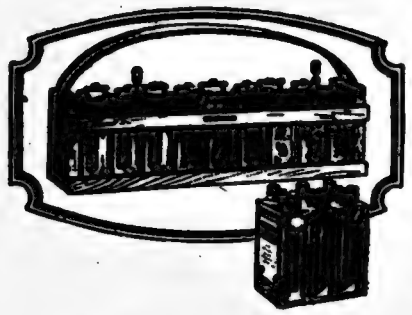
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MILLER'S

MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BLISTER

Thos. Christy & Co., London



"Extraordinary Value"

-say users of EDISWAN

HYMEG

H.T. & EDISWAN L.T. ACCUMULATORS

"Hymeg" H.T. Accumulators are supplied in Black Enamelled Teak Crates with carrying handles, syphon type filler, and two wander plugs, which ensure tappings at every 2 volts.

Ediswan L.T. Accumulators are fitted with celluloid cases of the very best quality and are provided with acid-proof insulated terminal nuts and extra large vent holes to enable easy filling and inspection.

AT ALL WIRELESS DEALERS.

"HYMEG" H.T. ACCUMULATORS are priced at 10d. per Volt. Capacity 24, 36, 40, 50, 60, 72, and 100 volts.

L.T. ACCUMULATORS are priced from 8/- to £4 10s.

Ask your Wireless Dealer for Leaflet giving full scientific data.

The Edison Swan Electric Company, Ltd.
123-125, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4

Get Marconi VALVES and get the best out of your set

Announcement of
THE MARCONIPHONE CO., LTD.
Marconi House Strand, W.C.2

ESTABLISHED 29 YEARS.
WHITE, FISHER & CO.
144m, WEST REGENT ST., GLASGOW.

FOOTBALL
INSURE YOUR WINNINGS BY BECOMING A "WHITEFISHERITE"
7 LEAGUES 6 LISTS
NOTHING BARRED IN 3rd. ROUND ENGLISH CUP.
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
Applicants from London & District can call or write:
SCEPTRE HOUSE, 169-173, Regent Street, London.

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No Limit. Weekly A/cs.
We pay all postage.
ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.
WE NEVER QUIBBLE.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO!
DAVID COPE
AND
ALFRED H. MAURICE
25, North Albion St., Glasgow, C.1
Business as usual during the Jumping Season.
Letter Commissions. No Limit.
DAILY SETTLEMENTS.
Winnings by return of post.
For Credit Accounts only apply to—
DAVID COPE, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

"SAFETY FIRST!"
ALFRED H. MAURICE
OFFERS FREE
£250
WEEKLY FOR
NAMING FOUR TEAMS
CHALLENGER Credit Coupons
NOTHING BARRED.
NOTHING STARRED.
A Few Vacancies for Agents.
Send at once for particulars.
ALFRED H. MAURICE
THE FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANT,
19, BRIDE LANE, E.C. 4.

Lincoln Entries This Month

First Signs of the Flat—France and the Lincoln—A New Trick Exposed—Germany's Bid for Good Horses

I SHALL breathe a sigh of relief when I insert January 1 into my calendar frame. Jack Frost has been responsible for the worst month's racing I can remember, and if the weather experts are correct, he will upset many of the programmes during the next few weeks. But there is a ray of sunshine.

Entries for the Lincoln and National.

January gives us the entries for the Lincoln and National, and heralds the approach of another flat-racing season. We shall be able to weigh up the chances of Oojah and Ptolemy, Jarvis and Amethystine, Blue Pete and Poor Asinorum and others.

Bad Weather Helps the French

If the bad weather continues the race will be another gift to the best France sends across. When the elements are kind to our trainers the French are a fortnight or more ahead of us, but with impossible conditions underfoot we shall be like the man who fell out of the cart. We shall not be in it! In due course I shall let you know the best of the French candidates.

Duller at Lingfield

"Backer of Duller" wishes me a prosperous New Year and, at the same time, thanks me for the tip I gave recently in these notes when I advised punters to back George's mounts to win only. He concludes: "I backed Duller at Lingfield. Result: four bets, four winners—St. Croix 6 to 1, Golden Fizz evens, Red City 5 to 2, and Crock Hill 4 to 5." Personally, I think that "Backer of Duller" looks like having the prosperous New Year.

A New Trick Exposed

I am tired of exposing welshing bookmakers' tricks, but whenever I hear of a new dodge I mention it, hoping it may benefit some unfortunate punter. Lately there have been cases of bookmakers who have a limit on doubles and accumulators trying a trick at the expense of backers when the first winner of the series is a dead-heater.

What Original Stake Means

The trick is to interpret the "original" stake to which the limit is payable as the amount left after deduction of the half lost over the dead-heat. Don't be taken in by this trick. It has been laid down emphatically before now that "original" stake means the amount originally mentioned regardless of any deductions. To illustrate the point, say your stake is £1 and the treble limit 100 to 1. If the first horse dead-heats and the other two win outright, in spite of your original stake shrinking to 10s., you could be entitled to draw the limit of £100, if it totals up to this, and not £50.

Stewards at the Starting-Post

They are now satisfied in France that the innovation of a steward to watch the starts was worth while, and they are going to extend the idea. I only wish the same thing could be tried here, not only at the starting-gate but down the course. I have noticed several peculiar "spills" recently.

One Way of Losing

Apropos of "spills," most jockeys, when they are not trying to win, lose their races out of sight of the stands, but I heard an amusing story the other day of a race which was lost on the post. A was ridden by a crack jockey, and B the mount of an unknown lad. The two horses were clear of the field and jumped the last fence side by side. In a desperate finish the unknown rider won by a short head. "How did you like that one?" he asked the crack. "Clever," was the reply. "Any fool can win a race, but it takes an adjective smart man to lose one—like I did!"

Germany's Bid for Good Horses

Eager to build up a strong breed of race-horses, the German Government sent a mission abroad to study best markets for the strains necessary. Special facilities were given in France, and everything was done to impress the visitors with the value of French successes. All the same, the "spies" have returned to Germany to report that the basis of the German breeding must be British. So that's one—and a nasty one—for the croakers.

The Jockeys' School

A reader from "Brum" asks me if I can tell him which stable shelters the largest number of apprentices. As I have my copy of *The Sporting Life and Sportsman's* Annual Summary for 1925, the question is an easy one to answer. The Master of Treadwell House, otherwise Stanley Wootton, has the most and, at the same time, the best. His rising lights are Streit, R. Dick, Marshall, Caldwell, Godby, Pat Donoghue and Turtle. I think Spinks is just out of his apprenticeship, but he owes most of his success to the clever Epsom trainer.

Steve Donoghue as a Kinema Actor

Steve Donoghue's latest exploit is to break into the movies. Steve, as the jockey hero, and June, the popular musical comedy actress, are two of the stars in "Riding for a King," the first of a series of two-reelers being made by W. & F. I saw Donoghue at the Islington studios immaculate in evening-dress and kinema make-up, looking very much at home. The clever little man, who can come round Tattenham Corner with one leg hanging over the rails, doesn't know the meaning of the word nerves. In the film Steve is a self-sacrificing lover. He loves June in vain, but, to ensure her happiness, rides and wins on a horse which literally carries her real fiancé's shirt. Steve told me that the race scenes are actually taken on the course in the same way as the pictures of the Topical Gazette.

Steve, the Kinema star

More Atrocities

Once or twice I have mentioned the atrocious names bestowed on some poor, unfortunate beasts. A bunch of beauties ran behind Mendoza at Gatwick. He Sings, Monsieur Bacon, and Jam To-morrow. There was not much jam about the performance of the last-named; he fell early in the race.

Cloudbank Unsold

Though Cloudbank was put up for sale, I understand his sporting owner is not too keen on getting rid of him, and certainly is not likely to part with the horse for much under £10,000. In my opinion, the son of Nimbus is far from being a back number, and will go on improving. That is characteristic of the breed, though, as a rule, there is virtually no improvement in a horse after his fourth year.

"SILVER RING"

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

Peter Pan should turn up now that the going is softer. This five-year-old's legs are not too sound, but he is useful.

Bimelech should score at Newbury, but the price is sure to be cramped.

I have had Irish Cheer passed on to me as certain to score in the near future.

Blancone is the best of the Irish engaged in the Victory Steeplechase at Manchester.

In my opinion Hibernia was very unlucky to lose to Inverveigh at Gatwick. Hibernia will make a name for herself at the jumping game.

Spanish Town, one of my six to follow, beat the smart Scottish Glade at Derby comfortably. Continue to follow MacOdrum's youngster.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—
Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle, Mid-day Sporting Post, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Herald, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

2 A U R E Y J N W I V 3 Z Q

M L H F K T P C X B O S D G

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

YFKL3HFKP would read TREASURER.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, December 30, to Tuesday, January 5.

To be Up-to-Date in Racing
Get a Copy of
"The Sporting Life and Sportsman's"
ANNUAL SUMMARY OF PAST RACING.
Price 2/6 at all Newsagents.

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPE.
6 HOME.—Bury, Manchester U., Derby, Port Vale, Preston, Accrington.
5 HOME.—Cardiff, Liverpool, South Shields, Brighton, Northampton.
5 HOME.—Liverpool, Derby, Preston, Accrington.
3 AWAY.—Aston Villa, Grimsby, Reading.
3 DRAWS.—Birmingham v. Sunderland, Hadnaw, Chesterfield, Southend v. Plymouth.
3 HOME 2 AWAY.—Bury, Sheffield Utd., Port Vale, Sheffield Wednesday, Rochdale.

PURCHASES FOR JANUARY 9th.
THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III (NORTHERN).
HOME WINNERS.—Bradford, Durham, Hartlepools.

Selections

AWAY WINNER.—Doncaster.
DRAW.—Walsall v. Wrexham.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III (SOUTHERN).
HOME WINNERS.—Bristol R., Gillingham.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.—Celtic, Cowdenbeath, Dundee, Falkirk, Hamilton, Hearts, Morton.
AWAY WINNER.—Alloa.
DRAWS.—Clydebank v. Motherwell, Partick v. Hibernians.

ENGLISH CUP-TIES (THIRD ROUND)
HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool, Birmingham, Cardiff, Chesterfield, Corinthians, Derby, Everton, Huddersfield, Newcastle, Northampton, Notts Co., Plymouth, Sheffield U., Southampton, Southend, South Shields, Sunderland, Tottenham, West Bromwich.
AWAY WINNERS.—Bolton, Bradford C., Bury, Huddersfield, Manchester C., Swindon.
DRAWS.—Blackburn v. Preston, Bournemouth v. Reading, Hull v. Aston Villa, Millwall v. Oldham, New Brighton v. Sheffield Wednesday, Wigan v. Stoke, Wolverhampton v. Arsenal.

£1,000 offered this week by B.D.V.

CIGARETTES

IN FREE FOOTBALL COMPETITION

To further popularise these delightful Virginian Cigarettes we are offering smokers an added incentive—by exercising their skill and knowledge—to prove the claims and compare the quality of B.D.V. Cigarettes with other cigarettes at a similar price.

There is no entrance fee, but the Competition is restricted to smokers of B.D.V. Cigarettes. So, after you have enjoyed ten or twenty really fine smokes, study the form of the teams, and fill in the carton as per instructions.

READ THE INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY

Competition No. 4.

£1,000 will be paid to the Competitor who forecasts twelve correct results on one carton. If more than one correct forecast is received the prize will be divided. If no correct forecast is received, £1,000 will again be offered for twelve correct results of Competition No. 6.

If any matches are postponed the £1,000 will be offered as above in Competition No. 6.

What you have to do :—

Slit the printed portion of a B.D.V. carton. Copy the teams from this advertisement on to the back of carton. Only the back of outside carton may be used. The whole of the outside carton must be sent. (The sliding portion which carries the cigarettes is useless.) Cross out the names of the teams you think will lose ; if a draw, do not cross out either team. Write in ink, add your name and address and post it to

P.O. Box 181, B.D.V. Competition No. 4,
Messrs. Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., Commercial Street, London, E.1,
to arrive not later than first post on Friday, January 1st.

Competitors must keep an exact copy of what they send in, bearing in mind that there must not be more than one complete forecast of twelve matches on each carton. If a number of forecasts are enclosed in one envelope, make sure your postage is sufficient.

FORECASTS WITH INSUFFICIENT POSTAGE WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED

IMPORTANT.—Write in capital letters your name and town clearly on the BACK OF THE ENVELOPE containing the cartons, and if successful in forecasting twelve correct result YOU MUST SEND IN A CLAIM giving an exact copy of your forecast. This must reach us not later than first post TUESDAY, January 5th, and must be clearly marked—

P.O. Box 202, "Claim" B.D.V. Competition No. 4,
Messrs. Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., Commercial Street, London, E.1.

You are disqualified if you fail to write your name and address on the back of the envelope containing the cartons. The same rule applies if you fail to claim by the date given.

No responsibility will be accepted for any carton lost, delayed or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

These rules are devised to protect the interests of successful competitors, and in order to eliminate bogus claimants. Employees of Messrs. Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., and their associated Companies are not allowed to compete.

The Competition Editor of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* and *Daily Sketch* will act as Referee, and in case of dispute his decision must be accepted as final and legally binding.

NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL BE ENTERED INTO OR INTERVIEWS GRANTED.

The above rules are express conditions of entry, and competitors enter on this understanding.

The result of this Competition will be announced in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* and other Sunday papers on January 10th.

B. D. V. Competition No. 2 Result

No Competitor was successful in forecasting 12 correct results. Therefore for this week, as last week, we are offering a further £1,000 for 12 correct forecasts on one carton.

MATCHES PLAYED JANUARY 2nd.

BIRMINGHAM	v. SUNDERLAND
BURY	v. BLACKBURN R.
LEEDS U.	v. NOTTS C.
MANCHESTER U.	v. WEST HAM
NEWCASTLE U.	v. BOLTON W.
TOTTENHAM H.	v. ARSENAL
DERBY C.	v. HULL C.
MIDDLESBRO'	v. PORTSMOUTH
CREWE	v. SHEFF
ABERDARE	v. WATFORD
FALKIRK	v. MOTHERWELL
MORTON	v. ST. MIRREN

NOTE :— The closing date is Friday, January 1.

B.D.V.

THE KING OF CIGARETTES.

10 for 6° 20 for 11½

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

ONE of the chief functions of "John Bull" is to expose and bring to justice those who swindle the public.

That, however, is not the end of the matter. By means of our Free Advice Service those who are victimized are informed of the best methods to pursue in order to secure reparation.

Send particulars with stamped, addressed envelope, and you will be helped.

B. T. (Ely).—"She wears Russian boots she hasn't paid for." Then she's up to her knees in debt.

J. T. (Hove).—"How can I stop my brother playing the cornet at all hours?" The answer's a lemon.

D. N. C. (Reading).—"My brains are my assets." It's evident they've never been taxed.

D. A. T. (Edmonton).—"There are 200,000 new motorists each year." There are fine times ahead.

F. M. (Carlisle).—"Who is a man's best friend?" Mum's the word.

B. N. (Locke).—"There are no 'shilling shockers' nowadays." Oh yes there are, but they're 7s. 6d.

T. H. (London, N.W.).—"I'm leaving this district for good." Your good or the district's?

C. B. (Dorking).—"You get a good many letters from me." But not many good ones.

T. P. (Shoreham).—"He disappeared for a month." Hadn't he the money for the fine?

B. C. M. (Charlton).—"I lead a dog's life at the office." Always on the mat?

O. G. (Radlett).—"What is an ideal boy's gift?" We don't believe there is such a boy.

M. J. (Brighton).—"I can get into any theatre in London on my face." What an extraordinary means of progression!

T. B. (Wellington).—"I enclose a stamped envelope with my address on it." Your article fitted into it nicely.

T. B. T. (Nuneaton). — "My husband is always grumbling about the house." He's lucky to have a house to grumble about.

G. M. (London, N.).—"I sent my friends New Year cards with verses of my own written on them." Are they still your friends?

G. K. (Richmond).—"What do you think of my article?" It's full of good words, but they're in the wrong order.

B. L. (Pinner).—"I've forgotten more funny stories than most people know." We can believe this—judging by the ones you don't enclose.

T. B. (Chelmsford).—"My six-year-old boy has already got a slight knowledge of politics." So have many of our M.P.s.

MRS. S. (Hampstead).—"I want a servant who is honest, clean, tidy and punctual." Carry on with an ordinary one till she's born.

A. M. (Bridgnorth).—"I liked your paper so well last week that I am enclosing a cheque." If you like it as well this week perhaps you'll sign it.

P. L. (Horton).—"I am completely fed up with the state of housing in the country." You're not the only one feeling homesick.

MRS. O. (Carlisle).—"Is polygamy forbidden in the Bible?" It is warned against. "No man can serve two masters."

H. T. (Austwick).—"You can't have fresh eggs unless you keep hens." Unless, of course, you keep ducks.

MISS T. (Bourneville).—"Why wasn't Birmingham right to order Pavlova to wear tights?" Because it doesn't order Mark Hambourg to wear gloves.

J. L. (Chenies).—"You can always tell an American." But you have to wait until he pauses for breath.

A. T. (Chelmsford).—"When I plant tulips why should dahlias come up?" It's a blooming mystery.

A. B. T. (Nettlewick).—"The barber severed a portion of my ear." That was a bit off.

T. A. (Tavistock).—"What's all this about the intelligence of M.P.s?" Much ado about nothing.

J. T. (Eton).—"In my opinion, pins should be taxed." Safety first?

MISS G. (St. Albans).—"I don't mind confiding to you I am considered beautiful." Just like a woman. Totally unable to keep a secret.

MRS. L. (West Ealing).—"I call second marriages simply wicked." Whereas we call them merely the triumph of hope over experience.

PANSY (Morecambe).—"My young man comes round every evening after tea." Surely it would be more complimentary if he came round after you.

H. P. (Bingley).—"Girls of to-day are fashion's slaves." But their yokes are breezy and their burdens light.

JACK M. (Yarrow).—"If she doesn't accept me this time I'll blow my brains out." That would be a good joke on her. She told us you hadn't any.

NATURALIST (Ingleton).—"I've found out that worms can make a squeaky noise like singing." Then for the love of Mike keep it dark from the B.B.C.

F. P. (Cardiff).—"Every man ought to be content to rise by his own efforts." It's certainly no use depending on these cheap alarm clocks.

MANAGER (S.W.).—"It's very hard to find out what people do want in cinemas nowadays." In nine cases out of ten just their money back.

L. G. (Manchester).—"My wife and I sing duets together of an evening." So that you can share the blame when the neighbours complain, we suppose.

B. C. (Dartford). — "I daresay I'm rather old-fashioned." Your initials certainly suggest that you are a bit out of date.

L. H. (Shoreham).—"Have you ever known anyone who kept a New Year resolution?" Yes—a man who resolved not to make any.

K. B. (Balham).—"I am taking up some shares in a company for making a patent cigarette-lighter." Mind you don't burn your fingers.

R. L. (Keighley).—"The only present I got this Christmas was one I gave myself." Now give yourself a future with that £300 First Prize in *Bullets* this week.

If—

IF you are always cheery, bright and willing,
If you can face bad luck without a tear,
If you can tip the taxi-man a shilling
When ma-in-law arrives to stay a year,
If you can sing whilst making your ablutions,
And smile whilst shaving on a frosty morn,
And, joking, pay your poor-rate contributions,
And laugh when someone treads upon your corn,
If life for you is always bright and sunny,
No matter how unpleasant things may grow,
It's pretty safe to bet a lot of money
That you're a reader of *The Passing Show*.

THE SHOWMAN.

E. D. (Paddington).—"I'd make things fly, if I were Prime Minister!" Yes—we would be one of them.

C. L. V. (Urmston).—"I'm trying to tell you all about it." You certainly are trying.

E. J. (Lewes).—"More work is done in a factory if the employees sing." It makes things hum.

L. T. (Wells).—"I am a thought reader." Then we apologise for our secret opinion of your letter.

S. L. (Gorleston).—"He said my brains were addled." He should not have spoken ill of the dead.

HOUSEWIFE (Bedford).—"What part of a turkey is considered the best?" The meat.

L. V. (Colwyn Bay).—"You'd laugh if you could see me." Well, we're not crying because we can't.

L. N. (Canning Town).—"I made my wife a clothes-horse." That's the only safe sort to put your shirt on.

J. F. (Bellthorpe).—"My dear wife is very fond of a joke." What a devoted couple you must be!

A. L. (Brixton).—"I am sending you these cigars as a New Year's gift." Wise man—we, also, have passed them on.

MRS. K. (Eton).—"Though I've strictly forbidden her to do so, my young daughter persists in rolling down her stockings." Have you tried giving her socks?

M. D. (Slough).—"The tutor who has been preparing my son for his exam. doesn't seem to have taught him much in three months." He must be a slow coach.

CHARLES D. (Ealing).—"I am no ordinary man." Thank heaven for that! We were afraid there might be others like you.

T. H. (Fulham).—"Do you believe in phrenology? I have been told some amazing things about my head." In our opinion, there is nothing in it.

E. C. (Preston).—"Should one drink cocktails?" We do not know of any other method of getting them down.

R. B. (Maidenhead).—"You won't find a lie in my letter." We haven't space to publish them all, but we've selected the biggest.

J. T. (Northwood).—"Some weight-reducing courses are very effective." We know a man who had one and he lost pounds.

THEATREGOER (London, W.).—"Some modern plays are dull from beginning to end." But there are intervals of brightness.

E. T. J. (Sevenoaks).—"The doctor told me that an operation was not necessary." Then there was nothing to be cut up about.

B. J. (Bishopsgate).—"Perhaps these stores will make you unbend a little." On the contrary, they bored us stiff.

J. I. B. (New Brighton).—"The motorist confused me by turning his headlights off and on." A blinking shame.

F. H. (Crewe).—"Have you ever seen a dead donkey?" No. And we didn't particularly want to until we received your letter.

W. P. B. (Ilbury).—"Do you think I'll be a success as a writer?" We're not superstitious, but you have very ominous initials.

W. T. (Grange).—"Although he never has any money he is always well-dressed." Owing to his tailor, we suppose.

F. G. (Partick).—"The Glasgow audiences are the most decorous in the whole country." Of course. They always laugh the next day.

T. L. (Nelson).—"Women are becoming more manly than ever." We think they are more becoming when they are less manly.

B. P. (Dunbar).—"I have invented a mouse-trap which releases a heavy weight when the cheese is nibbled." What a stunning idea!

M. D. (Hunstanton).—"My wife is in the chorus of an American revue." Lucky man—ours has got a speaking part in a home production.

E. N. C. (Ryde).—"Our gardener's son, who gave a lot of trouble when at school, has now got a job as a page-boy." Let's hope that, as a page, he'll turn over a new leaf.

ADVENTURER (Birmingham).—"My friends consider it marvellous that I live to send the tale to you." If you have tried any other editor with it first it is marvellous.

G. L. S. (Pontypool).—"We climbed Mount Snowden to see the view, but were disappointed because the mists came up." So you missed the view and viewed the mists instead!

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Ulcerated Leg

No matter how deep-seated and persistent your skin trouble you will secure relief if you use Germolene.

MISS L. UNDERWOOD.

Miss L. Underwood, of 2, Cleveland Terrace, Paddington, London, W.2, says:—"I have suffered from ulcers on both my legs and have found Germolene most valuable. The ulcers began to form some two years ago, and grow until they were as big as two shilling pieces. I tried various preparations, and treatments, but nothing did any good, and of course my general health had become affected, and I was altogether out of sorts. At length, when I got Germolene, what a relief it was! The ulcers began to grow smaller almost from the first application, and in quite a short time they were entirely healed up."

Use GERMOLENE for

Eczema	Piles	Ringworm
Psoriasis	Itching	Head Rash
Rashes	Cuts and Burns	Sunburn
Ulcers	Skin Eruptions	Blackheads

and all Cut, Bruised, Itching, or Ulcerated Surfaces.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

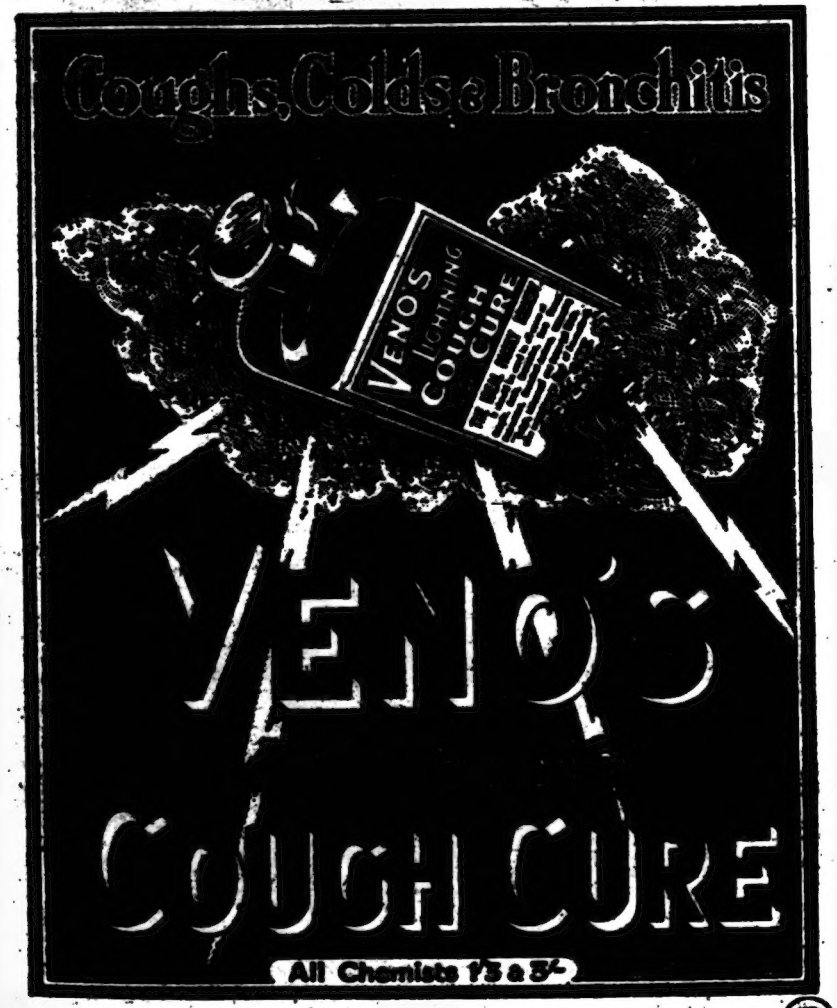
Home Prices: 1/3 and 3/- per tin.

GERMOLENE ANTIPTIC SOAP

is a pleasant and refreshing toilet preparation, instilled with some of the active properties of Germolene. It softens, purifies, and preserves the skin, and is a protection from blemish and disease. Get a tablet to-day. Sold by all Chemists at 1/- per tablet, or in boxes of three tablets, 2/9.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing



FELLOWS WIRELESS

BUY BY POST SAVE 6/8 IN THE £1

Order all your wireless requirements from us by post. We can supply you with everything from an insulator to a five valve cabinet set.

The quality of our goods is entirely beyond reproach; the cost is low because you can only obtain goods direct from us and this saves you the middlemen's profit.

You can have every confidence in ordering by post, because all our goods are sent on SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL, against cash, packing free, carriage forward (unless postage is stated).

Take advantage of this unique offer, fill the coupon below, and post it to us to-day.

If the article you want is not shown here write for our 40 page illustrated catalogue free.

All Fellows Apparatus can be inspected and purchased at 59, Store Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C., and 74, Bridlesmith Gate, Nottingham.

THE LITTLE GIANT TWO-VALVE SET.

Easily the cheapest and most efficient two-valve set on the market. Combines ease of operation, simplicity of tuning and extreme selectivity. Has given entire satisfaction to thousands of listeners.

Set complete includes H.T. Battery (9/-), 4-v. Accumulator (20/-), 2 Loudex Valves (4/6 each), Aerial and Insulators (3/6), and FELLOWS JUNIOR LOUD-SPEAKER as illustrated (10/6). Marconi Royalty paid.

Set only ... £3 15 0

Set complete **£6 15 0**

THE VOLUTONE LOUD-SPEAKER

Without doubt the finest value obtainable in Loud-Speakers. The adjustable diaphragm gives you the rich clear tones associated with instruments of several times the price. In addition its pleasing lines and graceful proportions make it one of the most attractive-looking Loud Speakers on the market.

Price **55/-**

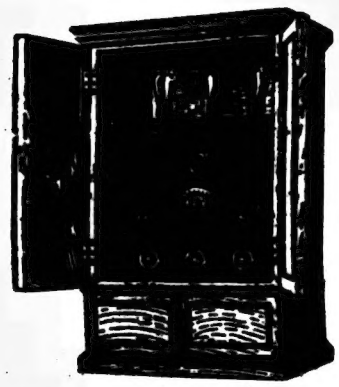
THE FELLOPHONE THREE-VALVE GRAND.

One of the outstanding successes of the Fellows Company. An ingenious circuit arrangement obtains for it the full power and range of a four-valve set at the far lower initial cost and running expenses of an ordinary three-valve set.

Its handsome cabinet, which is fitted with folding doors, provides an exceptionally attractive setting for it, and eliminates entirely the untidiness usually associated with wireless sets. The set complete comprises H.T. Battery, 6-v. Accumulator (25/-), 1 pair of Headphones (11/6), 3 Loudex Valves (4/6 each), Aerial and Insulators (3/6), Marconi Royalty paid.

Set only £11 17 6

Set complete **£14 10 0**



The above sets can be obtained on Deferred Payments. Write for full particulars.

WRITE FOR SPECIAL FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, which tells you how you can save 6/8 in the pound on all your wireless requirements.

To THE FELLOWS MAGNETO CO., LTD., Cumberland Avenue, Park Royal, Willesden, N.W.10.

Herewith Remittance Value.....

Please forward me.....

.....

on conditions as per your advertisement.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS and register Cash or Treasury Notes.

J.B. 2/1/26.

E.P.S. 200.

CURZON'S

GREAT NEW YEAR SALE

Made to measure suits at nearly HALF PRICE!

EVERY JOHN BULL READER IS INTERESTED IN THIS OFFER

CURZON BROS.' GREAT SALE for men takes place once a year in January, and this is the only opportunity you will have of purchasing a made-to-measure suit at these extraordinarily low prices. Last year over thirty thousand men accepted our offer, and they, as well as many others, have been looking forward to the New Year to take advantage of the remarkable reductions.

The **SALE** *Every Man waits for*

Astounding Reductions

Our 3-guinea, £4 10s. od., and £5 15s. od. suits are, we venture to state, really wonderful value, and by comparison are better purchases than can be obtained elsewhere, **but in order that every man in Britain shall test the famous Curzon value, we have slaughtered these prices.** For the purpose of this sale we will offer you our usual 3-guinea suit for **£2**, our usual £4 10s. od. suit for only **£3**, and our usual £5 15s. od. suit, which we have reduced to **£4**.

~~£3 3 0~~ ~~£4 10 0~~ ~~£5 15 0~~

£2. £3. £4

CARRIAGE PAID ANYWHERE IN Gt. BRITAIN & IRELAND

FOR 14 DAYS ONLY

LOUNGE SUIT in this or eight other styles, made to measure. Perfect fit guaranteed.

£2 £3 £4

Carriage Paid in Great Britain and Irish Free State.

All new goods

We want you to realise that this sale is different from many others because all the cloths from which the suits offered are made are guaranteed genuine new goods, not old season's patterns or job lines of cloth bought cheaply because nobody else wants them, but brand new rolls of cloth that have recently been delivered from some of the best Mills in England and Scotland.

For a great number of years we have been consistent in our effort to provide men with a suit of best quality materials, well cut and beautifully finished, at prices that will just give us one small profit, and give the customer such value that he will return to us for his repeat orders again and again.

No matter what size you are you will be charged no extras whatever and not a cent for anything special you require. For instance, you can choose the double-breasted style of coat, can have as many pockets as you wish, link buttons, high or low cut vest, raised seams if you prefer them, permanent turn-up trousers, etc., without any extra charge. During this great Curzon Sale your £2, £3 or £4 covers everything, including carriage in Great Britain and Ireland, and in addition you get the smartest, best fitting and best value made-to-measure suit you have ever had in your life.

The cloths comprise fast colour Indigo Blue Serges (the 40s. quality is astounding, and is guaranteed for two years), Scotch Tweeds, Cheviots, Pin-head Greys, Fancy Worsteds, Yorkshire Tweeds, Heather Mixtures, Black or Blue Vicunas, and West of England Tweeds, etc.

If you live in town, call at any Curzon shop mentioned below, examine these wonderful materials and get measured right away. Don't delay a moment, or you may miss this really remarkable offer.

Or, if unable to call, fill in the coupon, and a monster bunch of patterns with Fashion Book and self-measure form will be sent you by return. If inconvenient to use the Coupon, a letter or postcard mentioning JOHN BULL will do quite as well. Sit down right now and address your communication to Head Office.

CURZON BROS., LTD.

ALL ORDERS BY POST TO BE SENT TO THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS:

HEAD OFFICE AND MAIL ORDER DEPOT:

35-37, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

Customers can be personally served at any of the following Branches:

WEST END: 110-111, Strand, W.C.; 112, New Oxford Street, W.C.; 58, Southampton Row, W.C.; 13 and 15, Old Compton Street, W.
CITY: 70 and 72, City Road, E.C.; 34, Liverpool Street, E.C.; 102, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.; 76, Aldersgate Street, E.C.; 19, High Street, Aldgate (next to Aldgate Station); 35-37, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.
DEPTFORD: Chesham House, Broadway.
WOOD WICH: 43, Hare Street.
FOREST GATE: 39, Woodgrange Road.
SHOREDITCH: 185 and 187, Old Street, E.C.
EUSTON: 15, Hampstead Road.
POPLAR: 263, East India Dock Road.
GRAVESEND: 13 and 14, Milton Road.
BRIGHTON & HOVE: 66, George Street, Hove.
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES: 27 and 27A, Market Place.
RICHMOND & TWICKENHAM: 354, Richmond Road (near Richmond Bridge).
SUTTON (SURREY): 129, High Street.
GRAYS (ESSEX): 71-73, High Street.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA: 58 and 99, High Street.
WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA: Hamlet Court Road.
WIMBLEDON: Prince of Wales Terrace, Hartfield Road (opposite Railway Station).
SHEPHERD'S BUSH: 72, Uxbridge Road.

SEND A POST CARD OR LETTER OR FILL IN AND USE THIS COUPON!

To Curzon Bros., Ltd., 35-37, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4

Please send me, free of charge and without obligation, your sale patterns of suitings with latest fashion book and self-measure form. If I make a selection and place my order, it will be on the understanding that if suit is not absolutely satisfactory in every respect you guarantee my money will be refunded in full without question.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

J.B. 2.1.26.

Shop Assistant's £1,500

SERVING behind the counter in an outfitter's shop leaves a young man with plenty of energy and enthusiasm for hobbies.

Young Mr. Pickard, of 21, Kingsley Road, Norwich, chose *Bullets* as his spare-time occupation, and the small prizes that came rolling in convinced him that one of the big cheques was within his reach.

Last year he dined off a *Bullets* Turkey. This year he has found a cheque for £1,500 in his Christmas stocking.

Mr. Pickard has scarcely recovered from the staggering news of his huge win in *Bullets* No. 584 when a JOHN BULL representative called at the house where he lives with his father and mother. In his own little room, littered with competition books, whistles and photographic apparatus, he told the story of his *Bullets* success in his own modest way.

How He Won It

"Hours, and hours I have spent over *Bullets*," he said, "and I suppose I must have won nearly a hundred small prizes. But the actual effort which secured me the £1,500 was not the result of 'midnight oil.' The *Bullets*—DOGS OF WAR—SLIP MAY LET SLIP, flashed upon me in a moment."

"In the recent Two Thousand Guineas," he continued, "I made really strenuous efforts to get to the top of the list, but instead of the big prize I only won a 'Target.'"

"Now that you have turned the tables and headed the list yourself," our representative said, "can you offer any advice to those who are still amongst the 'Target' winners?"

"The only way to win," was the reply, "is to study the winners as I have done, and persevere—even if you only win small prizes."

"I've often joked about what I should do if I won a big prize," continued the winner, cheerily. "Now it's really come I find I haven't any serious plans for using it! There hasn't been time to think things over yet, but I shall probably invest the money for the present. Perhaps, when I have gained experience, I may start a little business of my own."

New Year Prizes

Although the past year has seen many big offers in *Bullets*, the long weekly prize-list has remained unaltered. Now comes our New Year prize-list with increased and new cash prizes.

The First of £250 has now jumped to £300, followed by others of £100 and £50. The Fourth Prize has been increased to £30, the Fifth to £20 and five *new* prizes of £10 each make up a *Bullets* "Big Ten," which will even eclipse the popularity of the *Bullets* "Big Five."

Send in a good *Bullet* this week and start the New Year well with one of the *Bullets* "Big Ten."

☞ **Result of "Bullets" Competition No. 585 will appear next week.**

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 586.

JANUARY	IDEAL WOMAN
PROMISING HIM	BADLY
WHEN BABY GROWS UP	AWKWARD MISTAKE
ONLY ONCE	CAN THAT MATTERS
BAD FOR HER	LOVING COUPLE
UNTOLD WEALTH	MOTHER
WHAT THE SWINDLER SAID	A SEWER
WITH A SHIFT	SEVEN
ALL MEN	FROM AMERICA
	WHAT IS MUSIC?

IF LOOKS COULD KILL

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupon on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 14. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 586 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing them Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 586, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 587.

Bullets' Big Ten!!

INCREASED 1st PRIZE

1st Prize £300

2nd Prize £100

3rd. Prize £50

INCREASED 4TH Prize £30

INCREASED 5TH Prize £20

10 PRIZES OF £5

5 New Prizes of £10

200 PRIZES OF 5/-

500 PRIZES OF 2/6

100 PRIZES OF £1

5,000 TARGET PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £2·10

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 587.

IRON
IN OUR HANDS
HER RESOLUTION
HAPPY NEW YEAR
BUTTERFLY WIFE
HUNGRY
LOOKING FOR A JOB
CUPID'S WORK
PROGRESS
ABOVE WATER
WHEN SHE'S PLAYING
FATAL
A RECORD
NEWSPAPER KING
SAID TO HER
FAKED
RED LIGHT
WHAT THE HERO SAID
FOR BABY
DECEPTIVE
A SENSATION
HEARD AT THE SALE
HUMAN NATURE
BEST PLACE
A CLEAR ROAD
MODERN ADAM
WHEN PARTING
STARTING
KICKING HIMSELF
INNOCENTLY
LOVERS
WHAT IS A BARGAIN?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges is consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed —— and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 587 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the Examples printed; then give any Two, Three or Four Words, having some bearing on the Example chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—THE MIDDLE CLASSES Bullet:—VERY SILENT—VERY SOUND.
Example:—THE DOLE Bullet:—FEEDS MAN—STARVES MANHOOD.
Example:—HAPPY FAMILY Bullet:—"BROOD" WHO DON'TS.

SEND POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN

You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Address Coupons to—"Bullets" No. 587, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 7.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(587) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 7.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(587) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 7.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(587) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 7.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(587) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ **If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper**

The original cheque for £1,500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 584 can now be seen in the window of Mr. J. R. DAWSON, 63, St. Stephen's Street, Norwich.

ANOTHER "BULLETS BIG TEN" NEXT WEEK!

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES. PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

The man who simply had to light a

PLAYER'S

Cigarette

"White Label" 10 for 5½d.

Medium 10 for 6d.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

Full Size — Old Virginia Tobacco

Reg. No. 154,811

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